

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

Vol. LV.

APRIL, 1860.

No. 4.

ADVENTURES ON A MOUNTAIN-TOP.

WRITTEN WITH THE QUILL OF A PORCUPINE.

DURING the summer of 1858 I ascended for the third time one of the highest summits of the Green Mountain ranges, which until within a few years has been comparatively little visited, is still unknown to the majority of summer tourists, but from which can be had a view of scenery, for variety, extent and grandeur, scarcely excelled on this continent. A good portion of the sentiment of travelling is lost even amid the utmost magnificence of Nature, as soon as the path begins to be beaten, and the crowd rushes in.

I was accompanied by one friend, and we expected to meet a guide at the little village of Stowe, which lies snugly nestled at the base of the great Mansfield Mountain. The weather looked doubtful, but we were unwilling to turn back without giving it a trial. Arrived at the point from which we were to begin the ascent, we perceived the unwelcome prognostics of foul weather. Drops of rain fell, while clouds and vapor assembled about the multitudinous peaks to obscure or shut out the panorama on which we had come to gaze. The expedition seemed fairly at an end. That bright and enthusiastic traveller, the eye, goes excursionizing over magnificent distances, leaps over chasms, flies delighted from summit to summit, only when the amber highway is clear. Should we turn back? It might be the last chance for my friend, Seth —, as his vacation was nearly at an end, and he must return to the flatlands of life, and might never see the Green Mountains again. There is many a dark and dismal morning which changes to a bright and balmy day. Oh! how unfortunate to stop building when we have laid the foundation, to leave the field when we have put our hand to the plough, to drop the arrow when it is placed to the string, to go chasing after a kiss, and having just reached the lovely port, to lose our smack!

Our guide was the proprietor of the mountain. Many awful convulsions of nature, elemental warfare, fire and water, had been at work in far-back ages to heap it up in sublime and savage trim for

him, so that he could own it in fee-simple, with all its improvements made from chaos by the hand of God, and so that he could place a house of hospitality upon it, and add the crowning graces of humanity to its rugged peaks. For many a year, like a privileged Moses, he had ascended it alone to behold the CREATOR'S glory with a kind of prophetic gaze. But the Gentiles had begun to come up in troops. To his infinite satisfaction one camp-meeting had been held, and from the high altar of stone the songs of Zion had resounded from Mount Washington to the Adirondacks, and thence with volumes of cloudy incense, went up from this great temple of Nature to the skies. What wonder that he should feel an interest in property which he held by a sort of Divine right, that he should be loth to see any worshippers turn away, and that at last, after various uneasy glances at the skies, he should open his parable, and say: 'Gentlemen, this is not going to be a rainy day, it is a mere flurry; the sunset will be clear. I guess we had better take dinner, push up to the half-way house, then if the prospect is better, keep a-goin' up, and after that we shall see what we shall see!'

It was spoken with the wisdom of a Solomon. The delicate allusion to dinner, which was most happily coincident with a puff from the kitchen, touched a tender part of poor human nature, and with a sigh of relief, while a slight flush of hope mantled upon our cheeks, we poured out a crystal flood in two tin basins, and with our faces turned toward the Mecca of our desires, perfected our ablutions with the religious zest of Turks. Good beef gives a man strength, an aphorism of patriarchal simplicity and age; yea, a pot of good humming ale beside, enfeebleth him not. By this time the artillery of heaven began to play, the lightnings flashed, but when the general who had charge of the expedition, stretching out his arm majestically to the great breast-work of mountains, said, 'Do you think that you can scale those batteries?' each one replied modestly yet firmly, with concert of voice and speech: 'I will try, Sir.'

A serene smile overspread the face of Napoleon, as he ordered the baskets of provision to be placed in the wagon. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'the work is as good as done. Consider your hands shook.'

We were to drive some miles to the last bounds of cultivation, to a farm-house on the edge of a vast primeval forest. There the carriage was to be left, we were to mount horses, and through a narrow bridle-path try a steeper ascent. We had scarcely gone two miles, when the rain descended in torrents; all the signs were unpropitious, and in dogged silence we pushed on toward the solemn realms where we expected to pillow our heads for the night. With the thirst for adventure somewhat abated by copious floods of rain-water, we arrived at the first stopping-place. While the man of the house looked

after the horses, we went within-doors, where the good woman who had seen our approach was bustling about, and had already set a table and placed thereon sundry bottles of root-beer, pieces of apple-pie, and a plate of cake, as if the rite of refection was a simple matter-of-course. Moreover, her volubility was great, especially in favor of the root-beer, which she at once decanted, and which frothed and foamed up from its dark sediments, as if in confirmation of her praise. We took a little, and nibbled the cake like mice. Very soon *Napoleon* came in. His face was rueful; some ominous courier had evidently arrived, and a council of war must be held. It appeared that the saddle-horses were out of the question; the hurricane of the previous Sunday had thrown down great numbers of hemlocks directly in the path, and the rest of our advance, if made at all, must be of the pedestrian kind. Bingham (the name of our obliging guide) looked interrogatively at us, we at one another, and then at the old woman, who immediately interpreted the liquid glance, and uncorked another bottle of beer.

Obstacles are the very pavement to great deeds, and the path of glory is strewn with them. The idea of victory presumes resistance, and only ignominious ease could ever chuckle over such an exploit as reaching a desired point in a rail-road car or a sedan chair. The heroic in our natures was fired up by the idea of having to trudge three or four miles on foot in a storm to a cloud-capped mountain-top. The arrangements were forthwith made, and the party was equipped and marshaled in single file, as follows: First the guide: over his left shoulder was swung a telescope, wherewith to look through the mists; over his right a large bundle of blankets, and a tub containing bread and various 'things.' On his left arm was a tin pail, holding three rolls of yellow butter, some salt, pepper, ham, pork, cheese, and various 'things.' Next followed the man of the farm, with a tremendous hump upon his back, made up of more blankets, shawls, overcoats, and so forth, and on his left arm a great basket with sandwiches, crackers, chunks of meat, pickles, lemons, sugar, tea, tin cups, plates, saucers, spoons, knives and forks. Next came my friend Seth —, who bore up under a heavy shawl, holding also an umbrella over his head, while the writer of this, the very originator of the undertaking, with great humility brought up the rear, to whip on the tardy with a walking-stick which was an heir-loom, and which he always carries on journeys. Reverend Hugh Peters, two centuries ago, took out his jack-knife from his breeches pocket, and cut it while a green sapling, on the banks of the Connecticut, celebrated for shad. Hugh Peters, dying on the scaffold in King Charles' time, bequeathed it to Resolved Hubbard. Resolved had a brass ferule put on it, and stumped about the world with it all the days of his life. Resolved left

it to his grand-son, who went to California with it in 1848, and his widow, for the consolation which I tried to administer to her in affliction, gave it as a thank-offering to me. It is a very homely stick, by no means straight, but I have ornamented it with a silver rim on which is an inscription. On this occasion I meant it not only to sustain my steps, but also to measure the journey. I would beguile the way by counting every step: so having accomplished one thousand paces, I sat upon a rock and notched a mark upon the cane. Crouched down in the dark dungeon of the woods I reminded myself of Sterne's prisoner.

The path lay over roots and fragments of rock, and the mountain-side oozed out water at every pore. Five hundred paces only were accomplished at the second stage. A little farther on we were impeded by the first barricade, three fallen hemlocks with all their out-jutting limbs, which would have been a formidable entrenchment for an Indian foe, and a tight squeeze for a bear to get through. We charged resolutely, and came out of the scrape with only Seth torn in the breech, and a jar of pickles upset on the ground. About eight hundred paces further on we came up with a still more formidable obstruction of the same kind. The trees of a giant growth had become so interlocked and interlaced in their fall as if they had perished in struggling with one another, they presented so many sharp out-jutting splinters, underneath there was such a false footing of moss, decayed bark, and trash, that to creep under, climb over, or to get around them was of equal difficulty. In this onset the telescope was lost, very much to our regret. The forest through which we were attempting to force a passage was of magnificent growth, and had scarcely been touched by the axe of the pioneer, but the slow tooth of time had gnawed into the aged trunks, the worm had consumed their core, the invisible winds had brought them down with a crash, and their bodies lay stretched out all around, well defined in form, but so far gone in decay that the foot could kick them to pieces. Oh! how suggestive in its solemnity is a vast primeval forest! The recent tornado had caused great havoc. Many trees had been snapped short near the root, but had been stayed in their fall, and seemed to threaten as we passed beneath. With great difficulty we scrambled through perhaps a half-dozen barricades, and, pretty well used up, arrived at a hut called the half-way house. Here we stopped an hour to refect. There was a splendid spring near by. It was as cold as ice and clear as crystal. As it flowed over the pebbles at the root of a tree, bubbled up and effervesced with its own life, and was sweetened by our own thirst and eager desire, it was a *root-beer* of inestimable value.

We would fain have tarried longer at the hut, but time was precious, and the acclivity was now steeper, while the obstructions would

be greater at every step, but the rain had ceased, and the sun shone out through the clouds. We pushed on, carried some more barricades, and I added another mark, signifying a thousand paces, on the old walking-stick. Have you ever had to encounter up-hill work? Who has not? But the air becomes more bracing the higher you go, and you gather courage. We had now passed the region of dense forest, descended into a little sheltered clearing where were the remains of a hut and an unfinished house of considerable dimensions, while immediately in front lay long-extended ridges of bare rock about a thousand feet above the position where we stood. This height remained to be climbed, and we judged it best to accomplish the work before sun-down, and not trust the chances of a pleasant morrow. We therefore deposited all our baggage, and began at once. In fifteen minutes more we stood upon the high peak of Mansfield Mountain. It was very cold, and the wind blew violently, but we had not come in vain. The atmosphere was not clear, but the effect of the fogs rolling up from the valleys as from so many cauldrons, and the vast billows of white cloud surging against innumerable peaks, was inexpressibly grand. I have before attempted to describe the scenery of this mountain, and shall say little about it now. As the sun sank down with gorgeous effects, we saw the whole extent of Lake Champlain, with its many islets; beyond lay the Adirondacks; on the opposite side the ranges of the Green, and farther still, though inadequately defined at present, the White Mountains. What an awful depth to the valleys, whose forests looked like patches of shrubbery. I approached the edge of some over-beetling rocks, and recoiled with fear. Chill blew the night air, the sun soon disappeared, leaving long streaks of light in the west: we paced a few minutes longer over the bleak ridge, then descended to the habitation which lay protected at its base. It was well that we did not put off until the morrow what could be done to-day. But our adventures had just begun. O memorable night! Full of romantic perils! What steel pen is worthy to inscribe them? I wish I had a quill from the pinion of that gray eagle which I saw wheeling about the distant promontory, and coming down in narrowing circles to his eyrie, with something in his talons which looked like a young lamb! *Constititunt comæ!* all my hair stood on end that night.

The house which was to shelter us was unfinished, but inclosed. In one corner was a stove—all the better for that; in another a large pile of straw. That was to form our bed. We unpacked our provisions, but we left above what we did not find below, some remains of light. We had of matches a plenty, but, lamentable oversight, in our hasty departure, we had forgotten to bring candles. The only remedy was to kindle up a rousing fire in the stove. Going without,

we fumbled in the dark for sticks, but they were so besoaked with rain that with all the help of newspapers, letter-envelopes, straw, and a small lump of fresh butter beside, they would not burn, and the stove remained black. We were cold, wet and hungry.

‘This is a fine pickle,’ said I.

‘Yes,’ said Bingham, ‘my wife put them up.’

A feeble cachinnation was the result of this. We made a final attempt at lighting up, crammed in some more straw, puffed up our cheeks, and blew with frantic violence on three coals trying to keep one another warm. We then distributed provisions by a sense of feeling. This done, the ultimatum was to go to bed, whereupon the straw was duly arranged on the floor. Seth and myself were stretched out in a corner, and covered with two blankets; our worthy friends disposed themselves in some other parts of the tabernacle. Never did I hear it rain as it did on that night, although the sun had gone down favorably. It came not in drops, nor in sheets, nor in torrents, nor as out of spouts, or out of buckets, but as my ear is my judge, by the hogshead full. It also dripped in upon our blankets, drop after drop, with a regularity which would have served to measure time. It was like the ticking of a clock among the clouds.

‘Bingham,’ said I, ‘are there any wild beasts upon these mountains?’

‘A few panthers, some bears, and now and then a moose.’

‘Have you got the door fastened?’

‘No, the house is not yet fitted with bolts, but I have put a brick against the door.’

‘Oh! dear me! You might as well have a brick in your hat. Do n’t you think we ought to set a watch?’

‘Yes, if any mischief is on foot, I will let you know when it’s a — *Bruin.*’

(*Seth from the adjacent straw.*) ‘I should like to see a bear risk any thing in such a game.’

‘Why!’

‘Because he would lose his *stakes.*’

‘Well done! But no more of this, at a solemn time, and in a solemn place.’

We here got upon a long discourse, intermitted sometimes to listen to the swashing storm, about the night-side of nature, dark mysteries connected with the spiritual part of us, illustrated by examples, either contained in books or within our own knowledge, double appearances of individuals, ghost-stories, remarkable coincidences, and such like. I here inquired of my friend whether he had ever read the letters published about fifty years ago, of Lord Lyttleton the younger. On his replying in the negative, I proceeded to tell the following, which may be considered as an episode in our adventures.

‘Lord Lyttleton, so distinguished for his inherited talents, and alas! for reckless profligacy, whose death was so very remarkable, relates that when once on a hunting-party with many of the nobility and gentry, the hunt was joined by an agreeable-looking man, a perfect stranger, whose perilous leaps astonished the oldest hunters. As there was something or other beside in his general bearing which won upon the beholders, when the chase was over he was invited to the castle to dine with the company. He was at first modest and reserved, but when the cloth was removed, and he was invited to lend his share to the converse of the gay party, he poured forth such brilliant sallies of wit and anecdote, his knowledge was so universal, and his accomplishment so marked, that until the mid-night hour none moved. After that, when there was a disposition to seize the night-candles he started off on some new tack, or sang enchantingly. He had a manifest reluctance to retire. At last the general rout could no longer be delayed, and the guests were shown to bed. At about two o’clock in the morning the inmates of the castle were aroused by the most terrific screams. The servants were running about the corridors, but their search was vain: all was as still as death. Again in a half-hour, the same screams and agonizing appeals. They appeared to come from the stranger’s chamber, but on entering it he lay in apparent repose. The servants were commanded to keep a watch, and when the source of the noise was but too evident, they burst suddenly into the stranger’s room. They found him on his knees in bed, lashing and scourging himself most furiously, and in a gore of blood. He begged pardon, and promised to disturb the house no more. Before daylight he went to the stable, saddled his horse, dashed off into the country, and has been never heard of from that day to this. What do you think of that?’

‘Oh! it’s a bloody story. *Credat Judæus, non ego.* I’m going to sleep.’

I heard Bingham laugh, and his companion, the root-beer manufacturer, snore, then fell over on my side and got into a slight doze. How long I lay thus I cannot well say, but I was aroused from it by a gurgling, then by a smothered noise like that made by an ox, when his neck is pulled down to the ring in a slaughter-house, and then by an out-bursting yell of such singular and dreadful quality, that no war-whoop could equal it. My heart leaped up into my throat. Both Bingham and the farmer were on their legs in an instant, groping about, crying out, ‘What is the matter?’ The noise became more aggravated. I tottered upon my legs. Seth appeared to be struggling in the agonies of death. It was a panther I feared who had stolen in and was now throttling him. I reached desperately toward the spot. Seth lay there as rigid as a log. I shook him violently, and

moved him with immense effort. He uttered a deep groan, then a sigh of relief, and raised his head.

‘O Seth, Seth! what is the matter? You have alarmed the whole household!’

‘Oh! that bloody story! I have dreamed it all over again!’

I would not here discourse about dreams, or what cobwebs they are made of. These cobwebs are too fine for us to unravel so as to understand the stitch of Queen Mab. They are woven, but never unwoven. Ghostly secrets, who can make you known? I attempt no philosophical essay, but this I say: from being torn to pieces by beasts, thrown over precipices, or strangled by boa-constrictors, if I never eat another supper, may I be preserved from such phantasies of the horrid nightmare. They are the fac-simile of reality.

The night wore on until that time of intense stillness which precedes the dawn, and when just beginning to doze again, I heard a noise like that of a locomotive letting off puffs of steam.

‘Bingham,’ I cried out, ‘is it possible that we can hear the noise of a steam-engine at this distance?’

No answer.

‘Bingham, is that a locomotive?’

‘No.’

At that instant came a tremendous uproar, as if a bureau had fallen, as if a load of wood had tumbled down-stairs, and the side of the house were crushed in.

‘Bingham! Bingham! What’s that?’

To my horror I found he had gone out, and the door was wide open. Presently I detected the sound of muffled footsteps—tramp, tramp, tramp, like that of a bear, all about the room. I woke up Seth, who was sleeping soundly.

He was very much vexed at being disturbed, saying that he had been uncomfortable and cold the whole night, and was just getting into a balmy repose. Moreover, he was disposed to ridicule the idea of a bear; said there were no bears in the mountains, if so, all the better, he should like a bear-steak, and more such bravado. He thought that I was nervous, and wound up by charging me with being a coward. It was not long, however, before he changed his tone, and I verily believe that he would have quaked in his shoes if he had them on. Tramp! tramp! tramp!

‘I think,’ said he, ‘that there is an animal of some kind in the room. It may be a stray cub. Hark! where’s Bingham?’

‘Bingham! he is not here. He has run away, and do n’t you see the door is open.’

‘Just reach me my breeches. They are on the candle-box at your head. I’ve got a jack-knife in the pocket.’

‘Look after your own breeches. I can’t find them in the dark.’

Could I have stretched my hand as far as the forehead of my worthy friend, who had just complained of the cold, it is ten to one that I should have found it bathed in a profuse perspiration. We awake unharmed from dreams, but reality must be met. Though pretty well strung up for any emergency, I must confess that by this time I felt a little trepidation, not having yet recovered from the effects of those terrific yells. The animal seemed to be promenading around the four sides of the room, sometimes in a slow march, and then in little leaps. Seth and I now whispered together in consultation, and leaning on our elbows, tried to see through the dark, for that there was a movement of some kind was beyond question. A gust of the night-wind slammed the door wide open, causing us to start, and at the same moment, between and at the foot of our two beds, (I could actually hear the heart of my friend beat against his ribs,) there stood out clearly two balls of fire, which, after glaring with silent splendor, moved off, and went out in the dark. What was to be done? Had both of those recreant men fled from the spot and left us to our fate, to be eaten up? We had no pistol, except a pocket-pistol, but this little *revolver* was of no use — half the charges had been drawn.

‘Bingham! Bingham!’

Slam-bang! slam-bang!

‘I’ve got him!’

Back, back into thy hiding-place, thou tell-tale, thumping heart. The beast out of the wood is slain. What is it?

The door creaked upon its hinges, and in the dim light of coming day we saw two forms stealing in, dragging after them a large box.

‘What have you?’

‘A hedge-hog! The varmint! he smelt the victuals, and has gnawed a large hole in the side of the house.’

As the blessed light was beginning to stream in, we rose to inspect the prize. Then, by dint of waking up his feelings with a short stick, we knew what it was to see ‘the quills upon the fretful porcupine.’ He was in a pretty state of excitement to be sure, showing his points and shoving up his whole back into a prickly rampart, as bad as any we had passed through the day before. But if nature, instead of only putting him on the defensive, and there leaving him, had furnished him with offensive weapons, like his cousin the essence-peddler, we should not have poked at him with a stick. Although he looks a little savage when galled, his head is beautiful and his eye soft. I bore him away as a trophy of the expedition, but after holding him in bonds only a single day, he gnawed himself out, and escaped to the free state whence he came. It is a vulgar mistake that the porcupine has the faculty of darting his quills to a distance, as the essence-peddler

has of scattering his aromatic wares. Nature is infinitely various in her moods. His points, however, when they once stick, as in the head of a dog, unless soon drawn, will work their way out on the other side, which makes him an ugly customer to deal with in a close tussle. Therefore, he walks his native wilds unmolested by the beasts who live around him, and as he courts the most inaccessible seclusions, there the poor creature should be let alone by man.

We now found the whole landscape covered with fog, so that nothing was left us but to return. We made our ablutions with water from a choice spring, and having searched around for dry sticks succeeded better in firing up, got our boots and clothes dry, and partook of a good breakfast, not much the worse for previous fatigue, want of sleep, and the awful adventures of the night. It is usually accounted easy work to go down-hill. *Facilis descensus Averni*. But I cannot altogether agree with the poet. It is harder to control the steps, or to select the way. When coming down the same mountain-side on horse-back, the sure-footed animal never bungled over stumps, slipped on smooth bark, or fell while coming down rocky steps like those over which Putnam dashed, but although the reins were thrown upon his neck, and he was ever turning aside his head to grab a mouthful of fern, he moved with all the security of a goat. But we found not the same facility on the stairs. At the barricades the work was as hard as before. Here we lost time in looking after the telescope in vain. Approaching the half-way house, we heard the neighing of steeds, and saw signs of unusual bustle. Preparations were making for a party of ladies to ascend on the next week. There were several stout fellows with axes going to clear the obstructed path, so that the fair cavalcade might advance and the Dryads and Hamadryads peep out from the leafy coves to salute the new-come wood-nymphs. Then should these last interrupt the solemnity of the sacred grove with shouts and laughter, while the rocks, which for centuries untold had been invaded only by the winds, or felt the fall of the snow-flake, should be strewed all over with the crumbs and fragments of a pic-nic.

Nothing occurred to mar our progress until arriving at the farmhouse. There the good wife, who had seen our party as they defiled out of the woods, had already arrayed upon the table some bottles of foaming root-beer and some doughnuts (here called nut-cakes) just from the pot, and although we had partaken largely, we could not well resist the eloquent appeal. I will add that there was a good deal of trouble in getting the hedge-hog down the mountain, and that my friend who had the horrible dream contracted a number of gray hairs in consequence, and has since begun to be bald, and that for myself I have labored with a palpitation of the heart ever since. Out of several of the largest quills which the porcupine very fretfully drove into

the stick with which I only in the gentlest manner poked his ribs, I selected one, from which, small as it was, I caused a pen to be made, with which this narrative is written.

I will now simply add, that if this should meet the eye of any who have already been on the White Mountain tour and desire a new sensation, of any scholars who wonder whither they shall scamper in vacation, of any who are released from their professional cares when the dog-star rages, I hope that it may induce them to turn their steps to the Green Mountains. Nor let them be deterred by the disasters which beset myself on this occasion. I followed the same route once again during the last summer. The worthy Bingham has now erected a large house provided with all the comforts of a hotel, at the topmost peak, and has made the road as good as that of the Simplon, and has plenty of saddled horses, and guides always ready. There is an obliging landlord and an exceedingly neat hostess at this mountain-house. Better broiled steaks, sweeter bread and butter, more excellent coffee, cleaner beds, a purer atmosphere, could not be found. It is the Astor House of those altitudes. There I beheld the orb of day go down most gorgeously on a serene night in June, and his lingering reflections upon the floating clouds, the long streaks of light, the appearance of islands, all bathed with lustre, and the reluctant dying out of day in the west exceeded all which I had conceived of Italian skies. There, at mid-night, I clambered up a peak to see the round and blood-red moon roll up above the horizon, and sitting with a perpendicular wall behind my back to protect me from the cold night air, and with my old cloak wrapped about me, watched the moon as she rode through banks of clouds, and the scene evanesced continually. I saw seas and islands, and headlands, gardens of the Hesperides, a river, and Cleopatra's decorated barge. There again I sat as the sun arose, and watched his effects upon the mists of the valleys. Oceans rolled beneath me, waves and snow-capped billows burst upon the shores, and so gradual was the advance of light and dispersion of the clouds, that I could not tell at what instant the illusion vanished.

Ere long the tide of travel will set in this direction, bringing much which is rapid with it. But I will promise those who come at once, that they will not be disappointed in their expectations. Unteased by bugs, and pertinacious flies, and humming mosquitoes, they will enjoy sweet dreams after their day's fatigue, instead of nightmare; and I will wager that if they are as fond of natural history as of natural scenery, they will be almost sure to see a hedge-hog.

W A I T I N G .

THIS wind that cools my burning brow,
What blessed peace it brings !
As if this summer air were stirred
By countless angel-wings.

As if our CHRIST had softly laid
His hand upon my brow :
The SHEPHERD's voice, the MASTER's words,
I hear them even now.

It is not strange — this golden light,
That plays above my head ;
Are not the angels of the LORD
Encamped around my bed ?

I seem to press some Calvary cross,
Outstretched upon my bed ;
And now I only wait to hear
The 'It is finished' said.

Yes, through these days that tarry long,
These silent nights, I wait :
I only wait a little while
The opening of the gate.

I know that I am near the gate,
For when night comes again,
And lights in Heaven's wide windows flash
Behind each sapphire pane :

'T is then my pillow, hard and rough,
Another Bethel seems :
I sleep, but all the night I watch
The angels in my dreams.

They flash along this heavenly way,
As if to Heaven's broad door,
A vine had climbed up through the sky,
And white-winged blossoms bore.

So now I know my home is near,
That I am near the gate :
I only fold my hands in prayer,
Then knock, and knocking — wait !

Portsmouth, (N. H.), Feb. 7, 1860.

E. A. R.

'STATION LIFE' IN AUSTRALIA.

THE 'Bush' of Australia, or what we should call 'the country,' is different from any other in the world, both in respect to its general features and the character of its vegetation.

In travelling through the interior, one is struck with the almost total absence of natural beauty. There are very few of those picturesque little spots common to most other countries, where the delighted eye loves to linger, and which once seen, remain things of beauty in the mind forever. There are no deep glades through which murmuring rivulets run, and none of those landscape scenes which live upon the canvas of Turner and Durand. All Australia can be divided into two classes, level plain or sterile mountain.

When a traveller first leaves one of the Australian cities, and makes acquaintance with the Australian Bush, his first feeling is generally one of disappointment. For the first few miles, *country* there is none, but a vast expanse of muddy tracks, dismal, melancholy, curse-provoking. The gigantic trees shed showers of wet leaves as the sullen wind whistles through their tops; the bullocks sweat and labor through the sea of mud; their driver sweareth complicated oaths; while the forlorn traveller, but indifferently consoled by a poor breakfast, plods wearily and sadly on, and thinks Australia, after all, '*not quite*,' etc.

To see the bush in its primitive state, before the foot of the gold-hunter has been planted in its gullies, or the woodman's axe heard on its ranges, you must go at least a hundred miles into the interior. There in the solitude of the scrub, bound the kangaroo and the wallaby. The wombat burrows in the ground, and the 'chut' of the wattle-bird mingles with the magpie's whistle. On the plains stalks the lordly emu, and the wild turkey flies with awkward wing at your approach. The rosella, with gaudy wing, and the gorgeous parrot, hop tamely around the fallen trunks, or flash like living fires from among the leaves. The iguana rattles his scaly length up the rough bark of the trees, and the bandicoot peers with small bright eye from orifice of a hollow log.

For miles on miles in certain districts the surface of the country is a dead level, without a single hill, or a single spring or creek. I have frequently travelled fifteen or sixteen miles without seeing a drop of water, or more than two or three stunted saplings. In journeying over these immense plains one loses heart and gets discouraged. An inn, seven or eight miles distant, is faintly seen, and recognized as the goal of the forenoon's march, and man and steed press forward anew, but somehow the building never seems to get any nearer. The seven

is magnified into seventeen, and the wearied traveller, laboring painfully on, with the hot wind scorching his brain, looks in vain for cooling creek or refreshing breeze.

In travelling through any hilly part of the country there is more to occupy the attention and divert the mind from the discomforts of the body. Flocks of magpies, cockatoos, and parrots hover around, or settling in the tops of the highest trees, shriek out their discordant notes. One is always in hopes that each hill or 'stony rise' is to be the last, and unless too fatigued, the very alternations between hope and disappointment are not disagreeable. Sometimes, too, we come unexpectedly on some shepherd's hut by a creek side, where the clamor of half-a-dozen dogs brings out the shepherd's wife or hut-keeper, and we make an excuse to ourselves for stopping half-an-hour. She produces the damper and cold mutton, and sets on the kettle preparatory to a 'pot o' tea.' We enjoy our luncheon, for in Australian phrase 'a feed always comes handy' in travelling, and after the accustomed smoke, go on again.

It is curious to see how differently people estimate distances. You perhaps set out from a station in the morning with the distance to the next station given as twenty-five miles. You travel on brisk and fresh in the cool morning air for a few miles, till the sun rises high and hot, and you plod wearily, dustily along, thinking of cool springs and breeze and shade, till you meet a shepherd with a flock of sheep and a couple of inquisitive dogs: on being asked the distance to Chirnside's Mount Wannon Station, he 'guesses' (for the English sometimes guess) 'It's about twelve miles.' Of these twelve you do four, and on inquiring of a bullock-driver, he says: 'Well, people call it fourteen mile from Chirnside's to Mooloo Creek, two miles back, but *I* call it a mighty good sixteen.' So we go listlessly on, hoping little for seven or eight miles more, when one of Chirnside's stock men rides up. He will surely be correct. To the usual question he makes answer as follows: 'You see yon hut?' (about two miles off.)

'Yes, we see it.'

'Well, from that Boomer's 'hut' to the home-station, is exactly twelve miles.'

'Thank you: but why, pray, do you call it the 'Boomer's hut?'

'Why, you see once on a time we used to use it as a shepherd's hut, and he had a tremendous wife: Lor', sur' I may live, she was a strapper,' (here he cracks his heavy whip as a mark of emphasis,) 'a regular savage, thundering big woman, six feet odd high, and able to lick any two men in a rough-and-tumble fight. LORD! she was a screamer!' (reflectively.) 'Well, one day the blacks got afoul of her, and sure as I'm alive and on Brown Jerry, if she did n't shoot two on 'em and brain another one with his own waddy. She was a

Boomer of a woman, and no mistake. She's moved away long ago, and we do n't use the hut any more; but every body calls it the 'Boomer's hut.'

This legend having been concluded, we part; the stockman rides slowly away, cracking his heavy stock-whip, and we again resume our weary march. The miles prove to be pretty long ones, and we afterward find that a 'stockman's mile' is well known as a measure of distance.

In olden time, that is to say, before gold was discovered, travellers through the interior of Australia were always made welcome at stations. Owing to his seclusion and distance from the larger towns, and the lack of postal conveniences, the squatter was but too glad to hear any chance scrap of passing news. Tired of the same routine and the same people, a new face was a passport to all the comforts of a bush home; and no traveller, whether gentleman, laborer, or convict, but was gladly received and reluctantly parted with.

The welcome was rough and homely, but sincere. The way-farer needed no special invitation to make himself at home. If the house was empty he walked in, took down the tea-bag, made up the fire and put the kettle on, and hunting up the mutton and damper, quickly provided for his own wants. When the settler returned his simple 'good evening,' expressed no surprise at the presence of the traveller, or suspicion of forwardness in his thus helping himself; and after supper the host very probably brought out the strong waters which remained after the last shearing, and those who had no particular sympathy with each other in any thing else, found cheerful companionship in the bottle. A traveller could go either on foot or on horse-back from Sydney to Adelaide without a penny in his pocket, and find rough quarters but a ready welcome every where.

Soon after the existence of gold was discovered, things began to alter. The refuse of every quarter of the earth poured into the diggings. Gamblers from California and the worst class of convicts and ticket-of-leave men from Van Diemen's Land and Sydney took up their line of march for Bendigo and Ballarat. The generous settler, who would gladly provide for the chance traveller, was overrun with trampers. Not satisfied with the willing gifts of shelter and food, they wantonly abused their entertainer's confidence, stole his flour, robbed his orchard, killed his sheep, and worse than all, carelessly left down the slip-panels of his paddock-fence, whereby he lost his horses and his choice brand of imported bulls. Day after day troops of travellers turned his house into a hotel without a thought of payment, and every morning revealed some fresh theft. The settlers soon began to grow crusty. It was a hard tax to kill two or three sheep and consume twenty or thirty pounds of flour a day. Finally, many of

them, losing all patience at these transgressions, permitted no one to stop all night, but compelled them to camp out, and were rather reluctant even to sell provisions at any price.

The travellers could not in reason do other than blame themselves. It is hard to see what right a company of hungry people have to enter a man's house without leave or license, and help themselves to whatever it contains, without the least idea of payment; but a great outcry at once arose against the settlers as inhuman, inhospitable and selfish. People said it was a shame that men who had grown rich by pasturing their sheep and cattle on government land should refuse shelter to any body, especially to gold-diggers, whose wants had raised the price of beef and mutton, and provided a convenient market for the settlers.

The settler on his part retorted, that he had a right to do as he pleased with his own. That he had bought and paid for the section of ground where his house stood, and rented the rest of his run from government at a fair valuation, and was subject to have his lease cancelled at any time when the ground was selected for sale by auction; that he had always kept open house for travellers so long as they came in reasonable numbers, but that he didn't see the right that people had to experience his hospitality and then dig for gold on his ground, cutting up the fairest and best parts of his run, frightening his cattle, and destroying his fences.

So the war raged, the diggers denouncing the squatters as a proud, selfish set of upstarts, and the squatters hating the diggers as lawless, dissipated scoundrels, and their natural enemies.

Some of the settlers however, made it a point never to refuse a night's shelter and food to any traveller, no matter of what condition or degree, thinking that such accommodation was due to them whose labor had trebled the value of their stock, as well as providing them with a nearer and better market. Settlers of this last class never found any difficulty in procuring men to work on their stations at any season of the year, for in Australia, as every where else, a good name goes far, and the open-handed squatter could hire men frequently at his own wages, while his more close-fisted brethren were sometimes obliged to do their own shepherding.

Many and fierce were the battles between the diggers and the settlers in respect to the right of mining on private property. The matter was officially discussed in the Legislative Council, and profound arguments, productive of late hours and much printing, ensued. Finally it was decreed that inasmuch as in the Crown Grants all minerals and rights of mining were reserved to the Queen, the diggers had a right to prosecute their researches in any place they pleased, except in public roads, and that whenever land already in occupation should

be taken for mining purposes, the owner should be refunded the amount of his purchase-money; and be compensated for his improvements. Even this, however, is unsatisfactory. The settler naturally feels that his vested rights ought not to be disturbed, and that no sum of money can compensate a man fully for destroying the ties of a homestead.

In many cases of later years, when miners have reason to think that any particular *lead* of gold will diverge so as to enter on private ground, they have appointed committees to wait on the owners and arrange the terms of compensation to be paid by the owners of every claim marked out or shaft sunk on the disputed premises.

It is not many years since the settlers, or lessees of Crown lands on a depasturing license were, comparatively speaking, poor people. They held their land, it is true, at an easy rate, and their wants were few and easily supplied. The produce of the wool and hide sent to Sydney and Adelaide, (for as yet Melbourne was not,) was sufficient to pay the wages of the few men who worked on the station, and furnish such necessaries as would last until the return of the shearing season; but one or two dry seasons reduced the stock greatly; a disease known as the black-leg decimated the cattle, and the scab, catarrh and foot-rot swept off the sheep by thousands. Unable to pay their hired men and to carry on the station-work, many squatters were compelled to mortgage their leases to agents in the cities, and commissions, charges and interest rapidly accumulating, weighed them down with a load of debt that seemed almost beyond the power of removal. Station property became a drug, and many of the finest runs in the land changed hands for a mere trifle.

When the diggings broke out, the price of stock rose at once; sheep, worth at one time but three or four shillings, speedily brought fifteen or sixteen shillings each, and cattle, which not long before had been boiled down for their tallow, sold for three and four pounds per head. The settlers began to grow rich; those who had been fortunate enough to retain possession of their runs, cleared off their incumbrances, and talked of new houses, and trips home to England. One gentleman who had three or four stations much encumbered, and was, before gold was discovered, often pressed for money to pay his annual license-fee, now sells eight or ten thousand sheep, and two thousand head of cattle, besides an enormous quantity of wool annually, and has been heard to boast that he was 'disgustingly rich.' But he is, notwithstanding, so close that his selfishness has grown to be a by-word, and he is universally known as 'Hungry Thompson.'

As in all new countries the early Australian settlers were obliged to protect their newly discovered and acquired territory by force of arms. The aborigines, though individually cowardly, when collected together

in large bodies, proved themselves to be exceedingly formidable antagonists. Their arms consist of the spear, waddy, and boomerang. The spears are wooden, like those of all savages, with points hardened in the fire. The waddy is simply a club in shape a good deal like an ax-handle, but the boomerang merits a more particular description, as a weapon peculiar to Australia. It is made from a bough growing at right angles, or nearly so, to the body of a sapling, like the knee of a ship, and is brought down by the rude art of the savage to a thin edge, and when finished is about seven inches each way, and about half an inch thick at the bend or angle. The skill attained in throwing the boomerang is wonderful. The cockatoo on the top of the highest tree, or the kangaroo quickly bounding through the underwood, is struck with equal facility by these singular weapons, which have the advantage over fire-arms *from their capability of being fired around a corner*. By a peculiar method of holding or of discharging the boomerang, the Australian native can hit an object behind, before, or on either side of him, and the weapon can be thrown in such a manner as to come back directly at his feet.

Some few degenerated natives may be seen occasionally in the suburbs of Melbourne, earning a shilling or two by throwing the boomerang, but they are generally very inferior marksmen, and any one who wishes to see the weapon in skilful hands must go into the interior, where on some of the remoter stations he will find blacks who are proficient in the exercise, and will display its powers to perfection for the simple gratuity of a piece of tobacco.

Oftentimes in his daily rides through the run, as the leased ground is termed, the early settler would find one or two of his cattle speared and the herds in disorder, scattered and lost. The unsuspecting shepherd eating his dinner under the shade of a tree, while his flock camped during the noonday sun, has often paid the penalty of his carelessness with his life, or returning at night found his hut-keeper murdered, and all his provisions stolen, while he himself has been obliged to fly for his life to the home-station, perhaps five or six miles distant, hotly pursued by the yelling natives, and his flock driven off to become scattered and a prey to the wild dogs.

No settler ever went abroad without a gun slung over his saddle-bow, always in perfect order for firing, for an imperfect cap, or any carelessness in loading, might cost him his life. An overseer on a station once told me that he should never forget the mingled sensation of thankfulness and horror which he experienced, when after returning home one day, having menaced and driven off a party of savages with his gun, he found that he had no cap on either barrel!

Frequently the murders and depredations of the natives grew so intolerable that for mere self-preservation the settlers from three or

four stations would assemble with all their available force of stockmen and laborers, all mounted and armed, and make a descent on some neighboring encampment of blacks, when scores of the unfortunates were massacred. However their enormities may have justified such a retaliation, (a question I am not prepared to discuss,) many unnecessary cruelties were certainly practised, and one savage who had committed a crime of peculiar atrocity, was captured and bound alive on an ant-hill, and there left to the torture of a lingering and most painful death! a refinement of cruelty worthy of the Inquisition.

After many years a black police was organized of natives partly civilized, and who from their knowledge of the language and habits of their countrymen were admirably fitted to act in that capacity. These fellows proved infinitely more unmerciful than the settlers themselves. Well qualified by their nature and bush education for such a purpose, these black rascals followed tracks invisible to any eyes but their own, and on coming up with the offender, seldom endeavored to take him alive, but shot him with seeming delight.

Wherever a native has met with his death his comrades never come, believing that the spirit of the departed hovers around, and a grave or grave-shaped mound can often be seen in front of or near many old houses; placed there years ago as a protection against the incursions of the natives. This seems strange, for the aborigines do not bury their dead or burn them, but wrap them in sheets of stringy bark and suspend them between two trees. In travelling through the far interior it is not unusual to meet with these melancholy objects mournfully swinging in the wind.

When South-Australia and New South-Wales were infant colonies, and as yet Victoria was undiscovered or unpenetrated, labor of course was scarce. The early settlers formed their own stations, built their own huts, branded their own cattle, and sometimes shepherded and sheared their own sheep. The hut was built of slabs got roughly out from the gum or box trees, and roofed with broad sheets of stringy bark. The stable was a mere shed. The wool-shed was the largest and most convenient building on the station, and the press the greatest expense to the settler. He lived on one unvarying diet, beef or mutton, damper (unleavened bread) and tea, from January to December, with an occasional kangaroo-steak. He took part in shearing his own sheep, and then drove a team of his own bullocks to town with the wool. He did not disdain to get drunk in Sydney. Companionship he had none but of the roughest order. Of books he had but few; the Complete Farrier, a treatise on farm stock and their management, and an odd volume or two of the Gentleman's Magazine; music found no place in his house. Eternal talk of sheep, cattle and horses, branding, shearing, stock-riding and horse-breaking

occupied his evenings. He got a newspaper about every month, and a letter from his agent twice a year. Most of the settlers had, like Falstaff, forgotten what the inside of a church was made of, and if they had any children, there were no schools to send them to, and they grew up in horse-breaking, bullock-driving idleness.

Every thing was on a rough scale. There was a certain rude plenty, but not the least refinement. Every man cut what he wanted from the joint with his own jack-knife, which also served him to cut up tobacco for his pipe, and salted his own meat with his own fingers from the salt-heap. The parents, far away from humanizing influences, lost the gentler manners of early life, and the children, never having had any good examples, grew up uncultivated, untamed and uneducated.

As the country grew more thickly populated, and churches and schools brought religion and education within easier reach, their influence soon began to show itself. It took long to undo the work of so many years of neglect, but people began gradually to believe that there were other things of importance in the world beside sheep, cattle and horses, which formed the staple of the squatter's conversation; that it was somewhat of a disgrace for a boy of fourteen years not to be able to write his own name; that it was as well for him to know whether the world was round or square, and a few other simple facts to help him on through life. At the present time many families in the interior employ private tutors, of various degrees of accomplishment, and whose salaries are in general lower than those of common shepherds, but the blessings of education are by no means as widely diffused in the interior of Australia as even in the western portion of our own more favored land.

Wealth, however, has begun to exert its influence on the manners of the people. The slab hut has given place to the weather-boarded cottage, and in some instances to stone structures of great pretence. The homely fare is superseded by every variety of dainty, and St. Julien Medoc and Sauterne are frequent at tables where a few years since water, or 'post-and-rail tea' were the only beverages. The settler is clad in broadcloth, and rides in a fancy dog-cart. No longer driving his own bullocks to Melbourne, he travels thither in a coach and puts up at fashionable hotels — is perhaps elected member of the Legislative Council. His daughters, scorning now to milk, employ their fingers at the piano, or in the mysteries of crochet-work, and go to see Carandini or Catharine Hayes at the opera. Pater-familias becomes a politician and political economist, and joins in the vote of want of confidence in the ministry.

From the distance of many of the stations from any city or large town, it might be naturally supposed that the time of the settler would hang heavily on his hands, but it is not so. Necessarily shut

out from frequent intercourse with Sydney, Melbourne, or Adelaide, he seeks society among his neighbors, and drives his wife and daughters in his dog-cart or accompanies them on horseback fifteen or twenty miles to pay a friendly visit, without a thought of distance. During 'mustering time' he sees all his male acquaintances for miles around, every day, and forgets the passage of time in the fierce excitement of 'running the cattle in.'

Twice a year the cattle on every station are mustered, for the purpose of branding and ear-marking the calves, and taking an account of stock. The settler sends word to his neighbors that he shall commence mustering on a certain day. On that day they all attend, with all their available help of stock-riders and outsiders to assist. This plan serves a double purpose, since it helps him who is mustering and enables each settler to recognize by his brands and drive on to his own run any of his cattle who may have been straying or running with other herds. The morning is usually devoted to mustering the cattle, and when, with fierce clamor of dogs and men, and cracking of heavy stock-whips, the 'mole' of two or three hundred beasts have been collected from their several camps and driven into the drafting-yards, a breathing-spell is taken, and all go home to dinner. After dinner a fire is kindled and the brands heated. The unconscious cattle look mournfully over the rails and long for water. The gates are opened and a dozen or more of the unbranded calves and their mothers driven into a smaller yard. Now a stockman enters with a rope of twisted green hide, having at one end a slip-knot kept open with a pole. The bellowing calf is dragged from its mother, quickly tripped with leg-ropes, and in an instant the smell of burning hair and flesh taints the fresh air, the ears are cropped or slit, and the cow and calf dismissed through another gate into the open pasture.

Sometimes there is considerable sport at these musterings. It occasionally happens that a beast breaks away from the mob several times in succession, or from other reasons escapes branding for two or three years, but is at last caught and driven into the yards. By this time he has grown to be a strong, lusty fellow, and objects strenuously to the confinement. Maddened by the smell of fire and the cries of pain from the branded cattle, he furiously charges every person who enters the inclosure, and it takes a nimble pair of heels and a quick somerset over the high fence to escape. In such cases two must enter together, and while one distracts his attention the other lassoes him, or, if this is found impracticable, he must be roped from the outside.

It takes no mean skill in horsemanship to assist in mustering. The frightened cattle rush at full speed from their pursuers through the thickest timber and down the steepest hills. When they go in the wrong direction, they must be headed, and if one or two break from

the rest, the horse must be turned on the instant and the cattle driven back with the stock-whip, a fearful weapon, the crack of which can be easily heard a couple of miles, and which in skilful hands will cut to the bone at every stroke. Old stock-horses become so accustomed to this sort of work, that they will follow the windings and turnings of a single beast as quickly as the animal himself can make them, and it requires long practice and a good seat to remain on a horse who, without any previous intimation, turns on his heel in an instant while going at a full gallop. There are no riders in the world superior to the native-born Australian youth.

The Crown leases may at any time be cancelled by the Government if the land leased is required for other than pastoral purposes; and any person wishing to purchase land held under a depasturing license, can, upon signifying his desire to the Commissioners of Crown Lands, have such land surveyed and put up for sale; and if there should be no competition, can purchase any quantity at the upset price of one pound per acre.

Large townships have been surveyed from the public lands, and many of the original runs greatly reduced, especially in the neighborhood of the diggings. The land system at present in use does not, however, appear to be satisfactory to any one but the squatter. Frequently it happens that upon the sale by auction of any portion of his run the settler attends, and by high bidding secures the land for himself, at a price perhaps far above its intrinsic worth, and greater than any farmer could afford to give. The very paucity of rivers and streams of water gives him another advantage, for if he buys those portions of his own station which are watered, he can hold the rest without fear of disturbance, as no man will buy land where he must commit a trespass every time he requires water.

Greater attention than formerly is paid to the cultivation of grain. Many settlers grow sufficient wheat and oats for their own use.* Near many of the larger interior towns the land is divided into small sections of from five to twenty-five acres, and occupied by 'cockatoo farmers.' Near Albany, on the River Murray, and in many of the interior districts of New South-Wales, the grape is largely grown, principally by Germans, and wine made to a considerable extent.

The race of squatters or lessees of Crown lands can never become extinct. A great portion of the country is not adapted for cultivation, and fit only for pastoral purposes. In certain districts, where gold is believed to exist, or the land is fertile, the runs will be cut up by mining, or taken as farms; but there are many stations, every foot of

* Crown leases being granted for depasturing and not for agricultural purposes, the lessees are not permitted to grow grain for sale, and thus compete with those who cultivate purchased land.

which is purchased ground, and which are not likely, from their geological features, ever to be disturbed in the search for gold. The greater portion of the land fronting Hobson's Bay, between Geelong and Melbourne belongs to one gentleman, who also has four other stations, only two of which are leased from Government.

Elegant houses are taking the place of the slab-built huts in which the early settlers dwelt; the black population is nearly extinct, and except in the confines of the unexplored districts, perfectly harmless; almost every part of the interior is within reasonable distance from a post-office; frequent intercourse with the more refined population of the cities has softened the rude manners of the squatters, and the rising generation of native-born Australians, with the advantage of a better education and better associates than their fathers, have every opportunity of improving the capabilities of their country, and developing its resources. Rich in minerals, almost every where adapted for pastoral purposes, and in many districts luxuriantly fertile, Australia needs but an enterprising people and an efficient government to take a fair stand among nations.

H O P E .

HOPE 's a deceitful, lying brute!

I proved her such long years ago;
She often says she'll give me fruit,
But all I ever get 's a *blow*.

She told me, when a little one
To school barefooted running,
That life was one long day of fun:
I now know she was 'funning.'

(It little seems like fun or play,
This being dunned and dunning,
Or 'twixt the banks, from day to day,
Kept like a river, running.)

And when a bigger boy I grew,
Of wrestling I was fond, I own,
Because Hope said she'd 'see me
through:'
She only meant she'd see me thrown.

In every fight or running match,
(By scores I've made such matches,) Hope led me to the 'score' or 'scratch,'
But left me, scored with scratches.

I've fared no better with the fair,
The dear, tormenting creatures!
I've loved in turn all shades of hair,
All styles of feet and features.

Hope told me little brown-haired SUE,
To whom I was a suitor,
Would have me: when I asked her to,
She said I did n't suit her!

With feelings hurt and heart nigh
riven,
I really knew not what to do:
My wretched self I'd then have given,
And gladly, for a single SUE.

Hope led me next tall JANE to court,
But she 'the question' parried,
Six months or more, just for the sport,
Then told me she was married!

And thus by Hope each flame is fanned,
Whene'er by love I'm smitten,
Until at last I ask a hand,
But all I get 's the mitten!

WASHINGTON CHILTON.

KING ROLF: A DREAM OF A WINTER'S NIGHT.*

YARL, THE MESSENGER.

KING ROLF sitting on his throne in the great North Building, did emerge from a profound doze, and yawning right royally, said to Olaf, the Chancellor: 'What time is it, Old Olaf?'

'Two by the clock, King Rolf,' the Chancellor replied.

'Furthermore, tell me, ancient Olaf,' said the King, 'what day of the year it is? I have been dozing here so long, that upon mine honor I cannot tell whether it is now this year or the next.'

'T is this year as yet, O King!' the Chancellor said, 'else is the almanac perjured. Ten only are the hours yet remaining to the old year. When next the clock strikes twelve, the Young Year will reign.'

'Good!' quoth the monarch; 'I will meet the youngster with my war-club, and see if he hath the temper of his fathers. By the Great Bear, we shall have war to-night. I will not lie here dozing like a hedge-hog all the winter; I'll have a war. The hosts shall be here in two hours. We will be beyond the Great Lakes when the first darkness comes upon the land. Where is Goblin Yarl? Hallo, Devilkin! Goblin Yarl, ho! come forth. Who knows what has become of the little knave?'

'I know, O King!' said Olaf the ancient Chancellor. 'A half an hour ago Yarl Koboldus came to me with a slate and arithmetic under his arm and a lantern in his hand, and asked permission to retire to the cellar to cipher, saying that Gurth the Groom might stand at his post till your majesty awaked; and I, being greatly rejoiced to see the youth so studious, bade him go.'

'A marvellous student, indeed,' said the King. 'Gurth, go down cellar and beseech Master Philosopher to lay aside for a short time the weighty problems which occupy his brains, and come hither.'

Gurth the Groom thereupon departed in quest of the young disciple.

Who is King Rolf? what realm does he rule? Go to the far north, pass the out-post icebergs, enter the ice-girt Arctic gulfs, and lo! the realm of Rolf is before you. He rules over ice and snow, over frozen seas, over mountains that thrust their white pinnacles into the sky, over rocks in the mid ocean, against which the Arctic billows beat.

Where hath defiant man not gone? what land hath he not seen? He has roamed over all oceans; he has threaded the labyrinths of the

* See EDITOR'S TABLE of the present number.

far-off archipelagos ; he has clambered to the fountains of rivers that roll from savage mountains ; he has descended into the caverns of the ground ; he has crossed deadly deserts, explored forests, the habitations of monsters ; lions and the untamed elephant has he slain in eastern wildernesses ; Leviathan has he hunted in western seas. Only one realm of the earth is it forbidden him to enter, and that is the kingdom of Rolf the Northman.

Rolf is the last of the ancient powers of the earth. All the others have been driven from their thrones by the enginery of man. Navigators, with their thundering cannon, have routed the old bearded kings of the ocean. Pioneers, with their axes, have hewn down the parks of the primeval foresters. The rifles of hunters have driven the venerable herdsmen of the prairies from their droves of wild horses and buffalo. Every where, save in the Arctic kingdoms, the adventurous sons of Japhet have destroyed the kings who ruled the earth before man was made from the dust thereof. Their sea-captains in vain beat against the gates of this empire of ice. Rolf, with his dukes and barons and red-bearded retainers behind their fortresses, laugh in derision at man's endeavors.

The aspect of these Arctic regions is to human eyes cold, cheerless and death-like. But steer your pinnace into the uttermost inlet where Polar navigators have penetrated ; you will see before you a wall of ice which no man has passed. But I am a magician ; to me the crystal gates will open. Enter and let your eyes be unsealed, and lo ! what a fair kingdom you behold in the mellow moon-light ! Here are royal hills and vales ; here, too, are forests, and in them are wild boars and stags and all kinds of kingly game, and stalwart foresters range the woods with their long hunting-spears. Here behold great black tarns girded with ice ; therein swim the royal whales. Lo ! yonder the herds of reindeer pasturing on the plains, tended by ruddy herdsmen, and lo ! the fair flocks of sheep and goats in the dells of the mountains, watched by young shepherds. Who are these red-bearded spearmen running on their skates swifter than wild deer ? who these champions driving to-and-fro in the sledges so furiously ? who these lancers playing riotous games on horseback, like Arctic Mamelukes ? These are the followers of the King's standard. In the midst of the realm stands the vast castle where Rolf's ancestors have ruled and feasted as many centuries as the world has stood.

GURTH the Groom returned empty-handed. 'I have searched the cellar, an't please your Majesty,' he said, 'and neither hide nor hair of Yarl the Goblin do I find. Perhaps the rats have eaten him up.'

'I hope they have,' quoth the King; 'I will grant them a general amnesty for service rendered to the State if they have devoured the knave.'

Then spoke up Pepin, another groom of the house. 'An't please your Majesty, I think that I can tell where Goblin Yarl is, if I might make bold to speak.'

'Speak, honest Pepin,' said the King.

'An't please your Majesty,' the groom said, 'the rats have not eaten up the Kobold, neither the mice nor the owls. Nothing has eaten him up, an't please your Majesty. But he sits on the great staircase eating a pie which he stole from the kitchen.'

'Aha!' cried the King, 'eating a pie, is he? Bring Mr. Philosopher here by the ear. I foresee that the villain will be hanged; he doth nothing but evil. Haul him hither by the ear.'

Thereat Pepin hastily retired, and presently returned, leading by the ear the reprobate who had so audaciously despoiled the royal kitchen.

'Oho! Mr. Philosopher,' quoth the King, 'so you have turned up at last. It was reported that the rats had beset you in the midst of your studies and eaten you up. In fact, a large and ill-favored rat was arrested not ten minutes ago with blood on his left whisker, who was strongly suspected of being concerned in the crime. We must have his indictment amended.'

'An't please your Majesty,' said Pepin, 'did I not say that the rats had not eaten him up, nor the mice, nor nothing? I found him eating the pie. Behold the cheeks of the Goblin, how the pie has stuck to them as he crammed it into his mouth. And here is as much of the pie as he had not eaten, an't please your Majesty,' and the groom triumphantly displayed the sorry relics of a once fair and goodly plum-pie.

'It grieved me sorely, Mr. Professor, to interrupt your studies,' said the King, 'but there occurred to me a grave and terrible question which made my head ache to ponder on, and I wanted the royal mathematician to unravel it. 'T was this: if one philosopher can steal one pie and eat up two thirds of it in a half-an-hour, how many philosophers would it take to steal a pudding in the same time and eat the whole of it? Come, wag your pencil; let x equal the pudding. Pepin, screw up the Professor's ear a little tighter, I fear it is loose and the wise man cannot hear.'

The groom did as he was bidden. Kobold Yarl squealed with pain and said, 'O great Prince! I did not steal the pie. I went down cellar and sat on a tub, with my slate and arithmetic, ciphering in subtraction, when the cook came down and said to me, 'Thou art a nice, decent, well-behaved little gentleman, O Yarl! and I fear you

will catch a cold in this damp place, so come with me and I will give thee a pie which the King bade me make for thee;’ which I did, O King! and that is the way I came by the pie. I would scorn to steal a pie. I hate pie, but since the King bade the cook make it for me, I thought it my duty to eat it.’

‘Martyr!’ said the King. ‘Seized by a ferocious cook, tied up to a marrow-bone and a horrible pie crammed in his mouth. There was never such a martyrdom heard of under the sun. But hark ye! knave, I have no time now to measure you your deserts; I am going to have a war. Go, get your skates; you must run twenty thousand miles before yon pointer marks four.’

Thereat Goblin Yarl vanished from the royal presence right glad, as it seemed, to escape further discussion of the flagrant felony in which he had lately been caught. In precisely two minutes he returned, equipped for the journey.

I will describe the Messenger, for he is one of my heroes: and I hold it to be very shabby treatment of his heroes by a historian to refuse them a paragraph of description. This young person was precisely one yard high, but he made up for his deficiency of stature in thickness, squareness, and solidity. He was a perfect knot of a fellow. There was something marvellous in his solidity. You might thwack him on the head, as if he were a butternut, without so much as making him wink. Perhaps the most noticeable features about him were his eyes. These orbs were amazingly blue and bright, and bulged from his hard, plump, ruddy cheeks, betokening swiftness, pluck, enterprise, and various other qualities, which the serious student of history will not fail to discover in the course of this narrative. He wore a jaunty jacket of fine fur, fringed with clinking icicles; and his breast, so well arched that you longed to beat it with a drum-stick, was covered with a vest most curiously ornamented. An embroidered band, in which was stuck a short, bristling feather, confined his curling yellow hair. His legs were thick and stalwart; a pair of silver skates, curling fantastically over his toes, were lashed to his boots. A little hatchet of odd workmanship was thrust in his girdle, and a silver whistle hung from his neck by a chain.

Contemplating him as a whole—the square, solid frame, the massive legs, swifter in their motions than a humming-bird’s wings; the bristling feather, the somewhat fierce mouth, with its curling lips, and above all, the bulging blue eyes, any person of discernment would say at once, ‘Well, ladies and gentlemen, upon my honor, I do assure that if there ever was an energetic and indomitable goblin, one, look you, dear friends, that would transact business with accuracy and dispatch, a regular staving, go-ahead, enterprising fellow, Herr Yarl is that very identical goblin.’

As for the moral qualities of the subject of this brief historical portraiture, the subject is a delicate one. The reader has seen with grief that he stole a pie. I desire to be candid, and candor compels me to say that he did steal that pie; but as he may have been a monomaniac at the time, the public are respectfully requested to suspend their judgment till a judicial investigation has been had. I think that an unprejudiced and enlightened jury will say that he was a monomaniac. Alas! 't is a terrible thing to be crazy!

King Rolf said thus to Mercurius Yarl, Koboldus: 'Go, thou buzzing skater, to Windhome, to Greenland, to Brugoland, to every province of my realm, and bid my Lords and their men come hither with all speed. I am going to war; I shall beat the Old Year to death with clubs. Take this dagger and show it in token of thy authority. Go not down to Windheim thyself, but speak to the Old Pilot and bid him go down, for the savage brothers would crack thy knotty skull if thou daredst put it into their den. Tarry not, O goblin! tarry neither to play thy vile pranks in Eric Ironsmith's work-shops, nor to plague the walruses, nor to push the clumsy bears off the icebergs into the sea. There, be gone! vanish!'

II.

W I N D H O M E .

THE monarch waved his hand, and Yarl the Messenger whirled on his skates and shot out of the hall like a bullet. Silently the round northern moon hung in the mid-heavens, and the bright northern stars flashed gloriously in the hemisphere of night. Away over the field of snow that extended to the eastern horizon the messenger darted more swiftly than the frightened swallow. How the silver skates twinkled in the moon-light! how merrily clinked the fringes of his jaunty jacket! The short, stalwart legs fairly buzzed, and so swift were their movements, that one could no more see them than the spokes of a swift chariot-wheel. Sometimes the glancing goblin paused for an instant in his flight to slide for a league with the speed of an arrow, then the little legs once more buzzed, and he dashed onward across the pale plain.

At length he halted on the brink of a high precipice. Below him lay a rude, broken field, bounded by the wall of ice, and beyond this he saw the black waters of the ocean and floating bergs. He paused here but an instant, and then springing valiantly over the precipice, pursued his course toward a mountain, which confronted him with a face of haggard precipices. It was a wild, splintered, chaotic mountain, seamed with frightful chasms and crowned with pinnacles sheathed in ice, which pricked the sky. Cliffs, formed of mingled

masses of rock and ice, overhung the base, and ever and anon avalanches of loose crags came thundering down from the summits, plunged into the ocean, and filled the solitudes with uproar.

'Pilot, ahoy!' shouted the goblin, standing on the sea-shore, to an old man with a long, white beard, who sat in a light, sharp canoe, such as the Greenland fishermen use. 'Hallo! Old Pilot, come carry me down to Windhome.'

The old man looked up, and said slowly: 'I know thee, O Yarl! messenger of Rolf the King.'

'It is not to be doubted; the whole world knows me and trembles,' the goblin replied. 'But come ashore, and let me get into your skiff; I must go down to Windhome straightway; it is the command of Harolfus, Rex Hyperboreanorum, the high, mighty, gigantic and impregnable Prince.'

'Thou go down to Windheim, young Kobold!' returned the old man; 'thou durst not. Furthermore, I believe that thou liest; King Rolf never sent thee on such an errand. He said to thee thus: 'Bid the ancient Pilot go down and say so-and-so to the wild winds; but do not thou go down, O Yarl! for they will destroy thee.''

'Old man,' cried the goblin, 'may I be tossed into the den of the grizzly wolf bigger than Behemoth which eats every morning a puncheon of iron anvils as a sheep munches peas, if the high and impregnable Prince said not thus: 'My son, though thou art not great of stature, yet thou art exceedingly valiant and discreet, and I therefore desire thee to go to Windhome thyself and say so-and-so to the giddy brothers; and if that hoary marine vagabond whom I have been wont to send on this business, is in any respect obstinate or uncivil to thee, split the old rebel's skull with thy tomahawk!' Thus, O Pilot! spake the monarch: if he did not, then am I a liar.'

'I know full well that thou art a liar, Master Yarl,' returned the Pilot drily. 'But, get in; if you do not get enough of Windheim, then do I know nothing.'

'Far be it from me to aver that you know nothing, Old Pilot,' said the messenger. 'About fish-lines and such things you doubtless have a very considerable knowledge, but when it comes to business of state and diplomacy, and so on, gad, my good fellow, it needs a man of the world. Be quick now,' he continued, springing into the canoe, and settling himself snugly into a hole, so that only his head and breast were visible above the deck of skins which covered the little skiff.

Thereat the ancient boatman whisked his paddle like a very youth, and the skiff skimmed the surface of the water as the sword-fish darts through the depths.

Lo! the mountain was hollow, and the canoe passed under a vast, rude arch, supported by stupendous rocks. The waters of the sea

flowed into an immeasurable cavern. It was still then, in the moonlight, but how the huge vault was wont to re-bellow when the storms were abroad and the billows rushed in and thundered against its walls.

‘Hark!’ cried the goblin, as the skiff glided far into the depths of the cavern; ‘what outlandish noise is that, Old Pilot?’

‘’T is Old Triton and his sons, O messenger of Rolf!’ replied the boatman, pausing for a moment to listen to a singular clamor which sounded through the hollow mountain. ‘They are the cunningest of musicians. They charm the great arctic fishes, and the walruses and bears, with crooked horns.’

‘Music for bulls and bears, I should think,’ said Yarl; ‘faith, I do believe it would so tickle the delicate nerves of a whale that the monster would curl up like an eel. Take me to the concert-room.’

The Pilot then paddled the canoe to the entrance of a dim nook in the wall of the cavern, and sure enough there sat the great arctic Triton on a block of ice, with his forty sons gathered around him, all blowing with might and main on conchs and crooked horns. Walruses, white bears, and monstrous sea-bulls wallowed in the water, or sat with half-closed eyes on cakes of ice, reeling as if drunk, and bellowed and re-bellowed in concert with the lusty Tritons, while huge whales rolled in the foam they themselves had made, spouting torrents of brine, and threshing the water with their tremendous tails in ecstasies unutterable. Truly it was an outlandish scene. High rose the clamor, and the rugged antre resounded again and again with the quavers of the ungainly musicians, and the bellowings of the bewitched cattle of the sea.

‘Hail to ye, merry gentlemen,’ cried the messenger, standing in the canoe as it danced up and down on the disturbed water at the entrance of the nook, ‘hail to ye all Tritons and demi-Tritons, whales and delicate bears, gentle walruses and sweet sea-bulls. More valiant musicians never saw I, no not even in the galleries of high Valhalla, where once I peeped by stealth.’

Then did the uncouth assembly tremble with delight because the subtle goblin thus spoke, and the Tritons blew a ten-fold blast on their horns, and the bears, the walruses and the sea-bulls roared, and the whales wallowed with ten-fold greater ardor than before. Presently, however, the musical patriarch of the deep waved his horn, and the minstrels paused.

‘O Goblin Yarl!’ the Triton began, ‘messenger of Rolf the King, full well is it known throughout the North that to none is it given to know so well the mysteries of music or to play so cunningly upon hollow conchs and horns pulled from the heads of monsters of the deep, as to the ancient family of the Tritons. These youths I now teach our secret craft, that the revels of the King may be adorned

with sweet minstrelsy. Now wait but one minute, valorous goblin, and thou shalt hear such a blast as shall make thee shut thy eyes.'

'It grieves me, ancient Patriarch, that I cannot now tarry,' returned the messenger. 'I am on the King's business, and must haste away. Farewell, gentle minstrels.'

The Pilot again whisked his paddle, and the canoe shot down the cavern. The chorister of the seas once more blew his quavering horn, while his red-faced sons either sung with lusty lungs, or sounded their hollow conchs.

'Indeed it would have made me shut my eyes,' said Yarl, hearing at a distance the explosion. 'It would have made me stone blind, and a cripple for life to boot. Faith, I would rather stand in a shower of black bears than have that anthem let off about my ears.'

The skiff had now reached the end of the cavern; but a broad and high archway beneath which the water flowed as if in a subterranean river was hewn from the wall of the cavern, and seemed to offer communication with other vaults of the hollow mountain. The voyagers passed under the arch, and found themselves indeed in the channel of a curving river. For a time the boatman dipped his paddle rapidly and deftly, and the skiff darted down the stream. But soon the current waxed more swift; the water began to be spotted with foam, and to bawl and roar as it swept around the rocks that walled the crooked channel.

'Hold fast, O messenger of Rolf! if you do not wish to be tossed into the water,' cried the hoary Pilot.

Swifter and swifter then waxed the whirling torrent, louder and louder arose the roar of the waters, brighter and brighter became the bursting foam. The ancient mariner needed not then to urge his canoe, but he used his paddle only to guide it through the turbulent flood.

'Now for it, Master Yarl,' cried the boatman, as the skiff shot around a jutting point of rock.

The messenger clung fast to the canoe, and in a moment the frail shell was in the midst of a cataract, that went plunging and roaring with terrific fury down a tunnel which had been gored through the inmost rocks of the mountain. Down, down bounded the little boat, sometimes buried under huge billows, sometimes leaping like an antelope over bellowing breakers, sometimes overwhelmed by the heaped-up waters where an abrupt angle occurred in the tunnel; sometimes sucked into whirlpools and spouted out again to be caught once more by the raging river and hurried downward.

The adventurous boatmen must have plunged in this style the distance of a good perpendicular league into the earth, when suddenly leaping a cascade they found themselves floating in a quiet pool on

the floor of a cavern of immense magnitude. The roof was as high as the summer clouds float above the valleys, and though there was a dim light in the cavern its extent could not be seen.

'This is Windhome, brave master,' said the Pilot, wringing the water from his beard. 'How like you the little creek we have just ridden down?' But Herr Yarl said nothing in reply, for he was almost strangled, and sat coughing and choking and wiping his eyes in a truly pitiable manner.

The cavern was filled with uproars. The cause of the tumult, inexplicable at first, was soon made apparent when a half a score of gigantic forms became visible in the distance, rushing toward the voyagers followed by a troop of hounds whose baying made the vast hollow resound. They were engaged in boisterous sports, with laughter the most uproarious, and were scuffling and knocking each other heels-over-head, while the wild hounds joined in the game and leaped up to catch the long flying hair of the giants. Sometimes the latter rose in the air, flying far aloft and wheeling like hawks in swift circles to the very roof, while the hounds below turned up their throats and bayed in concert. Then the brothers dove to the floor with loud laughter, and ran to the lower end of the cave and were lost in the darkness, and soon came racing back again, hounds and giants in a promiscuous troop. Sometimes they rolled black balls along the rocky floor. Many of the balls were so small that the giants could lay them on the palms of their great hands and hurl them with marvellous swiftness. The cavern was then filled with thunders, with sharp splitting thunders, when the balls shot in straight lines to the lower end of the cave, or with sharp, splitting thunders, when, being dexterously jerked, the orbs went skewing around in unwilling curves. But others of the balls were huge globes standing on the floor, and apparently of great weight, for two or three of the giants would lay hold of one and give it a heave with all their might, and when the ponderous mass rolled heavily on the floor with sluggish booming, the cavern fairly shook with roars and reverberations. Then the brethren broke into loud laughter. They carried great sledge-hammers, too, which they hurled at each other, and when ever and anon one would manage to bring his weapon down on the head of a comrade, so that the unguarded wight reeled under the blow, or even fell sprawling on the floor, the boisterous giants screamed with laughter, and dropped their hammers and rolled on the floor among their hounds in agonies of merriment.

'Whom bringest thou to Windhome, Old Pilot?' cried one of this furious crew, as his eye caught the form of Yarl the Messenger, coughing and wiping his eyes in the canoe.

'Welcome, pretty Kobold, to Windheim,' cried another.

'Hey, you two-penny devil!' roared a third, and the whole gang

dashed at the goblin like a covey of vultures swooping at a poor little mouse. Herr Yarl felt himself clutched by a gigantic hand and snatched from the canoe. His captor held him out at arm's length for a few moments, and the horrible hounds leaped up with eager yells to tear the prize from the hand of the giant. Unhappy Yarl felt their warm breath on his face, and heard the slapping together of their jaws close to his ears, but the giant, laughing, managed to keep him barely out of the reach of the monsters.

'Give him a shy, brother,' cried one of his comrades.

The giant thereupon hurled the solid Kobold high into the air. Up, up flew the luckless elf almost to the roof of the cavern. At the summit of his flight he rested an instant poised in air, ere he began his downfall. A volley of hammers slung from below flew past him, and striking the rocks, dashed a shower of fire from the rocks. A roar of laughter rose from the giants underneath. The goblin fell. A gigantic hand caught him before he struck the floor, and once more he flew spinning like a rifle-ball to the top of the cavern. Once more he fell, and as he descended he could see the giants standing on the floor holding their hammers with both hands ready for a heave.

'Now, brothers!' shouted the ringleader of the gang when the falling messenger had come within a fair gunshot of the floor, and up flew the missiles like a volley of lightnings. Herr Yarl did not escape this time. One of the terrible hammers hit him fairly and squarely in the ribs. What a blow was that! It would have shivered a whale-ship like an earthen pitcher. Had our hapless hero been any thing but an impregnable Norse Kobold, with ribs stronger than triple bars of brass, it would have gone badly with him. As it was, what little breath the cataract had left in his lungs was utterly knocked out of him, and the blow sent him clean to the roof. Of all laughter that ever was heard in the caverns under the earth, the peal that followed this exploit was among the most outrageous, and the jovial brothers entirely overpowered, rolled on the floor in the last extremities of suffocation. As for royal Rolf's Mercury, he luckily laid hold of a horn of rock and drew himself up into a little nook or nest in the roof of the cave. Here he sat several minutes, gasping for breath.

By degrees he recovered his faculties, and from his perch observed what passed below. The giants having picked themselves up after their merriment at the goblin's catastrophe had subsided, looked about them for further mischief. There was an enormous black ball standing on the floor near the lower extremity of the cave, and the whole gang putting their shoulders to the ponderous mass set it in motion. There was an arch in the wall, and through this the huge globe rolled slowly, and began to fall sluggishly down a stone stairway with tremendous booming. It rolled deliberately downward a great distance

till the roar grew less distinct and almost died away to silence. Then it seemed to have entered some deeper abode of giants, for a wild peal of laughter arose from below and it seemed as if some Titan of terrible might had caught up the massive orb in one hand and hurled it like a cannon-ball along the floor of some illimitable cavern. The most awful thunders came bursting up through the arch, so that the giants started back half-affrighted. Gradually the roar died away, and one could at length barely hear the rumbling of the globe far, far away under the bottom of the sea. The giants stood listening, while the hounds snuffed and growled at the hole, as if there was something which they half-feared below.

A fierce shrill whistle rang through the cavern. The giants looked around in astonishment. Once more the fierce whistle pierced their ears and a voice followed: 'Come up here, ye damnable pagans, and take me out of this cursed nest.'

The giants again looked around in wonder, and one of their number, pointing to the roof of the cave, said: 'Tis Master Yarl, the King's Messenger.'

The brethren looked up, and sure enough the fiery face of the goblin was distinctly to be seen peering from his lodge in the rocks.

'Come up here, vile heathen, and take me down,' he cried, boiling with wrath.

'Alas! brothers what shall we do?' whimpered the biggest of the giants to his mates.

'Go up, brother, and get the gentleman,' said the others.

'Alas! I fear the King will be wroth,' the ringleader said. 'But we knew not 't was Lord Yarl, did we, brothers?'

'Nay, nay, brother, not once did we think it.'

'Are you going to obey me, miserable cannibals?' screamed the voice from above.

'Yea, noble Sir, straightway,' the giant replied, and rising aloft, picked the Kobold out of his nest as carefully as if he had been a little chicken just chipped from the shell, and descended to the floor of the cave.

'Place me on that ball, damnable pagan,' cried the wrathful messenger, pointing to a black globe half as high as the giants themselves, 'and gather around me, ye graceless gang.'

The messenger was accordingly placed on the portly orb, and the giants clustered around quite chop-fallen, like school-boys caught in mischief. Herr Yarl was in high fury. He stamped, he swore, he choked, he brandished his tomahawk, and the great playfellows stood around with mouths half-open, and eyes goggling out in the most ludicrous terror.

'What mean ye, ye graceless rebels, and damnable raw-boned vag-

abonds!' cried the goblin; 'what mean ye, ye unspeakable scoundrels? Am not I the son and heir of Rolf, the King? Am I not, as I once before gave you full notice, Viceroy of Labrador, Duke of West-Greenland, Lord High Admiral of the German Ocean by birth, and first peer of the realm by merit? Deny it if ye dare, ye wretches! and when I deign to come down to this cursed cellar am I to be whiffed hither and thither like a thistle-top, barked at by those lean and yelping hounds, and pelted with sledge-hammers? Why, ye horrid and profane pagans, where is your gratitude? Has not the munificent King of the Hyperboreans, Rolf, the mighty and impregnable-monarch, given you, according to my advice, this spacious cavern, where you may play your barbarous games, and also given you thunder-balls, and all the toys you could ask for to amuse yourselves withal? Now hear me! By the great Northern Bear, which doth sit on the top of the sky with the moon in his fore-paws, gnawing it like a nut, I swear that I am inclined to make you suffer a dreadful punishment. The liberties of this spacious saloon have made you rebellious. You need confinement. I have a mind to lock you up in a coal-cellar, or else to cork you up in jugs. Let me consider.'

Then answered the ringleader of the giants: 'O sweet Goblin! Dear messenger of Rolf, the King! O pretty elf, and delicious little master!'

'Hey, pagan!' Herr Yarl interrupted fiercely, 'Am I a herring? Am I no bigger than a jack-knife? By the Great Bear, I have a mind to slay you on the spot!'

'O gigantic Sir!' the pagan proceeded, 'and mighty and majestic Emperor; Prince taller than a fir-tree, and more lofty than a Norway pine ——'

'That is somewhat better,' said Yarl; 'that is the way to talk to a man of valor. Proceed, pagan.'

'O terrible and tremendous Goblin!' the gigantic spokesman continued, 'magnanimous son of royal Rolf the King, do but hear me, sweet viceroy, and listen to the words which I shall utter. It is well known to the King, and to all people of the earth, that we the Northwinds are but giddy and light-headed pagans, and far from wise; but nevertheless, O Prince, we do at all times render as good service as we can to the King who has given us this spacious cavern to dwell in. Yet I do grieve to say, noble Viceroy, that we being thus giddy and light-headed, and far from wise, know not at all times what we do. Now hear me. I do swear to you, gigantic Emperor, and terrible and tremendous Goblin, by Thor, and Odin, and the Great Northern Bear, and I speak truly, O Prince, taller than a fir tree, and far more lofty than a pine of Norway ——'

'Stop there,' said the messenger, interrupting the simple giant.

'Tis a most excellent oration; upon mine honor, a most wonderful oration! Who would have thought that a four-story giant, with fewer brains in his great tub of a head than there are in the butt-end of a saw-log, a mere under-ground pagan, could have pronounced so grand a discourse? He might discourse to a college; he discusses like an Alumnus. I grieve deeply, Herr Pagan, that I cannot hear your argument and peroration entire. But I cannot tarry. The King, my worthy father, bids you go to Northall forthwith. Upon reflection I think that I may forgive you these injuries for the present, though I am very much inclined to tie you up one by one to that iron ring in the wall and flog you; yet as time fails me, I will dismiss you with a bit of advice. My temper, as ye now have illustration, is exceedingly sweet and forgiving, but the disposition of my royal father I grieve to confess is irascible and unforgiving to a lamentable degree. And I am fully persuaded that if report of these outrages of which you have been guilty should reach his ears, he would straightway become full of wrath, and commanding you to stand up before him in a row, he would take down his great and sharp sword, and after whirling it around his head seven times, would make a trenchant sweep and cut all your heads off at a blow. I therefore advise you not to whisper a word about this astounding transaction; and furthermore and finally, ye rebels, hear the warning I now give you: if one of you ever hereafter dares, *dares*, DARES so much as to touch me with the tip of his finger, I will cork him up in a jug for a term of years!'

Mercurious Yarl ended his harangue and the simple Winds shook with terror.

'SEEST thou, Messenger of Rolf the King,' said the Old Pilot to Yarl when he returned to the canoe, 'how the waters of this pool flow down the cavern in a deep and dark river by the wall? At the end of the hall is another cataract, and the river goes down to the hall of the earthquakes. Thou heardst the giants below hurl with one hand the ball which these giants could hardly stir. The river is a wild one when it flows through the regions below. It pours its waters into the tanks of Iceland. If thou durst, we will ride down thither in our canoe, Master Yarl, for there is no place on the earth above, or in the caves under the earth where water flows, where I the Pilot cannot go.'

'If Master Yarl goes down to that vault, call him a fool ever thereafter,' replied his lordship. 'My concern is how to get out of this hole, not how to get into another.'

'Just as you please, young master; we will go above, if you wish it,' the Pilot said.

T H E R I V E R .

BY EDWARD S. RAND, JR.

SILVER morning on the river,
 Silver river;
How the flashing sunbeams quiver
 In the eddies of the stream:
 How the gleam
Lights the shadow of the willow,
Dancing on each mimic billow,
Till the surface far away
Seems in silver waves to play.
Lilies on the rippling river,
 Perfumed river,
Seem in silver waves to rest,
And their snowy bodies lave
In the molten silver wave;
Dark green vestments laid aside,
On the shimmering billows ride:
Silver lilies, snowy white as fairy bride,
Or some mortal deified.
While from all the emerald meadows,
 From the dark trees bending o'er,
In the ripple of the water;
 From the blossoms of the shore,
Rises up a pæan of glory,
Praises to the generous GIVER,
From the ripple of the river,
Where the dancing sun-beams quiver
 In the river,
In the eddies of the river.

Noon upon the silent river,
 Sapphire river;
In the depth reflected lies
All the azure of the skies;
 And the trees
Wait expectant for a breeze;
 E'en the leaves
Of the timorous aspen rest
Bathing in the glassy breast
 Of the river;
Not a quiver, not a shiver,
On the warm and sapphire river;

In the depth the large fish lie
Fanning their fins so lazily ;
 Dragon-flies
 Poise in the skies,
Or like gleams of jewelled light,
Chase each other out of sight.
And the golden-centred lilies
 Close their petals one by one,
Modest lilies, almost blushing,
Snowy bosoms, virgin flushing
 At the gazing of the sun.
Bright the sun-beams dart and glisten,
While the far-off forests listen
To the silent hymn of praise,
Unexpressed, which the glad river
Pours forth to the generous GIVER
Of the beauty of the river,
Beauty of the silent river.

Golden evening on the river,
 Golden river !
In the depth the sun-beams quiver ;
 Dying day
Floats on gorgeous clouds away,
And athwart the shadows fall,
While a soft light plays o'er all ;
And the pines their arms unfold,
Send their shadows o'er the gold.
 And the stream
Plays in eddies, 'mid the gleam
Of the golden sun-set sheen,
While the shadows rest between.
Far below the river's breast
Silver lilies silent rest,
 Till the morn
Bids the silver dawn,
Silver dewy dawn be born.
And the leaves their night-watch keep,
While the silver lilies sleep.
Shadows o'er the golden river,
Darts of light and shadow quiver,
And the day-beams break and shiver
'Gainst the dusky shield of night.
While a swelling pealing chorus,
 From the tide,
Joins an anthem loud and glorious,
 Rising far and wide,
From the meadow, from the wood,
Praises for a general good ;

From the golden winding river,
 Golden-eddied, shaded river,
 Where the day-beams die and quiver
 In the eddies of the river.

Dusky night upon the river,
 Ebon river ;
 Not a sound upon the hill,
 E'en the frog's shrill pipe is still :
 The replies —

Echo of our voices dies
 In the distance, half-afraid,
 Whispering the words we said.

On the river,
 Not a quiver, not a shiver,
 On the dark and ebon river,
 And the myriad stars seem set
 Diamonds on a ground of jet.

From afar
 A falling star
 Darts a trail of golden light,
 Dies and passes from the sight ;

In the stream
 Sheds a gleam
 As a golden chain so fair
 Twined in braids of raven hair.
 Earth reposing breathes her praises
 To the beauteous generous GIVER,

And the river
 Lifts a mist of adoration,
 Tribute to the mighty GIVER
 Of repose to earth and river,
 To the river.

Blessing to the sleeping river.

T H E G A R D E N .

I WANDER in the broken walks,
 Beneath the leafless trees,
 And as I walk my eyes are dim
 With tender memories,
 For here we walked in sunnier days
 And starrier nights than these ;

In happier hours of summer-tide,
 Now changed for winter frore,
 When love filled up the cup of life,
 Until the wine ran o'er ;
 In days of joy and nights of bliss
 That shall be nevermore.

JOHN KEATS.

IN the world's great battle-field, either of thought or of action, but more especially of thought, the saddest spirits are the most earnest and the best workers. The soul that strives for the elevation of the good and the beautiful, cannot but sadden in its task; and the warrior who takes the battle-ground for freedom, will never conquer fanaticism and wrong. The man of infinite jest and uproarious humor never becomes a great warrior, a great statesman, or climbs the ambrosial heights of poesy divine. Imagine the state of affairs had Sir John Falstaff been created a leader of armies or Lord High Chancellor of England; and we all know what a sorry aspect matters assumed in Barataria under the governorship of Lord Don Sancho Panza. In the grimmest, the sternest, and the saddest of workers there may be, and perhaps ever is, a spice of humor: but I mean the man to whose lips the waves of merriment are continually rippling and breaking in loud and continuous roars of laughter—the Mark Tapleys who are bound to be jolly under every circumstance and misfortune! I speak in no disparagement. He may be a worthy member of society and a needful. He will sooner do good than evil. He may be an upright man, and remember his God at night and in the morning, and is less to be feared than one whose face never wears a smile. Cicero, Alexander, Cromwell, and Washington, whom our love would elevate higher than all the rest, were not known as men of jest and merriment. Homer and Milton soared not in their grandest flights until the greatest of misfortunes had overtaken them, nor was the destructive wrath of Achilles sung in a less grand and glorious strain, or the

— ‘UMBRAGEOUS grots and caves
Of cool recess, over which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant’

of Paradise described with less majestic force and vigor. The exquisite passages of pathos more tenderly true and touching than any other uninspired hand ever penned—the broad and touching humanity, and the glorious bursts of humor which make Shakspeare the grandest genius the whole world ever produced, were written when his great soul sorrowed in his nightly tasks upon the boards of a London theatre.

Oh! the saddest of all records, not excepting the Newgate Calendar, are the lives of those whose coruscations have made glad and glorious the world for all coming time—the great souls, who, if their

footsteps have wandered through fragrant orange-groves into the wondrous gardens of delight of the imagination, have also pressed the burning sands of the desert of the actual—the regions thick-ribbed with ice!

In the midst of exile Dante dreamed his sweet dream of Beatrice, and Petrarch wrote his passionate sonnets to Laura. After unceasing misfortunes, the grand genius that sang the Deliverance of Jerusalem became clouded with despair, and left poor Tasso the inmate of a mad-house. Dr. Samuel Johnson wrote the exquisite little romance of *Rasselas* to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral, and was confined in prison for the paltry sum of five shillings. The grandest spirit of all antiquity, Marcus Tullius Cicero, with a dignity worthy his heroic soul, submitted his neck to the sword of Popilius. Socrates, the pupil of the divine Aspasia, and one of the wisest of the heathen philosophers, through the malignity of a mere tanner of leather, was condemned to death, and with as much composure and as little regret as though he were sipping rare Falernian at a banquet, amid the tears and lamentations of his friends, he drank the fatal hemlock-cup. Phidias, under whose hand the beautiful sculpturings on the frieze of the Parthenon sprang into perfection, was thrown into prison, and died before the time of his trial arrived. At the age of sixty, Demosthenes took poison in the Temple of Neptune, to escape the pursuit of his enemies. Hesiod was murdered, and his body thrown into the sea. Euripides, after the most unhappy matrimonial connection, was exposed to the attack of some ferocious hounds, and died of his wounds.

The records of all literary history are rife with such examples. At every turn poverty, unappreciation, starvation, and self-destruction greet us, and fill our hearts with sadness, and we are glad to turn from the misfortunes of the author to the works which make his name a household word wherever language is written.

The life of the poet, for the general reader, is the tamest life that can be written. His record is in his songs. We associate with him no grand achievement—no clang of meeting shields, and the red brunt of the battle. From the cool recess and woody nook, he looks out upon the world, nature's priest and nature's prophet. 'His heart,' to use the words of the Opium-Eater in the '*Noctes Ambrosianæ*,' 'is the sanctuary of dim and tender memories—holy ground, haunted by the ghosts of the beautiful!—some of whom will be for long, long years as if they were not—sojourning in some world beyond the reach of thought, when lo! all in a moment, like white sea-birds gleaming inland from the misty main, there they are—glide—gliding through the illumined darkness, and the entire region of the spirit is beatified by the heavenly visitants.'

On the twenty-ninth day of October, 1795, was born into this weary

work-day world John Keats. He was small in stature, and of the most impulsive nature and passionate sensibilities. At school he was for a long time noted more for his pugnacious likings than his scholastic attainments, 'combining,' as one of his school-mates wrote of him, 'a terrier resolution of character with the most noble placidity.' On leaving school, in the summer of 1810, he was apprenticed to a surgeon of some eminence at Edmonton. His eyes were large and blue, flashing with strong emotions or suffused with tender sympathies. His hair was auburn, parted in the middle and falling in rich masses on each side of his face, which resembled a woman's more than a man's, broad at the temples and tapering down to the chin. In his earlier years 'the renowned poet Dan Chancer,' and the 'gentle Spenser,' 'the poet's poet,' were his passionate study, as in his later days was Ariosto and the Italian masters. He died at Rome, as we all know, and caused to be placed over his grave this sad inscription, which speaks so fully his wrecked hopes and aspirations:

'HERE LIES ONE WHOSE NAME WAS WRIT IN WATER!'

Keats stands at the head of the school of poets of which Shelley and Coleridge and Tennyson and Browning are such shining examples. They are the rarest spirits, with the exception of Shakspeare and Milton, in the whole range of English literature. Not the most popular it may be. The rich and dazzling flow of words, the sensuous imagery, the dainty handling of rhyme, and the passionate worship of the beautiful are not elements that commend themselves to the masses. The only source of knowledge is in experience; what she inspires she alone can understand, and the soul that lifts its voice in songs of praise to that intangible beauty is not the less the true soul because you or I may not comprehend it.

Of the class of rhymsters who made court to the muses in the century preceding the present, Alexander Pope was the master; but Alexander Pope was no poet. He was a delicious rhymster; every line was smooth and polished and fitted in with the utmost nicety. He was master of the mere mechanism of the art, but his master-ship went no further. He was the representative man of the rhymsters of the age in which he lived, and George the Second uttered a right royal truth when he said they were all a set of mechanics. A rhyming philosopher, he occasionally presents an aphorism that Bacon or Descartes might have envied; a satirist, he flashes the keen scimitar of his critical malignity with unsparing hand; but into the high regions of divine art his footsteps never wandered: and the man who gives the name of poetry to such effusions as the 'Essay on Man' and the 'Rape of the Lock,' corrupts a true and simple term. In poetry the manner of saying it is more than the matter said. If we want a philo-

sophical essay, we can find plenty scattered through all literature from Plato down to Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson. If Pope was too much of a mechanic, Keats, in his earliest attempts, was not mechanic enough. In his 'Endymion' he depends too much upon the rhyme for his matter; but the poem is full of passages of such remarkable beauty, that had he written nothing else, it would have made his reputation as lasting as the English language.

The insolent criticism which greeted this exquisite poem has no parallel. The article in the 'Quarterly' was of the most stupid and ungenerous character, while that in 'Blackwood,' the old Ebony over which rare Kit North presided so many years, descended to scurrilous abuse and blackguard; and it was not until 1820, two years after its publication, that any thing like justice was done it. The tribute from Francis Jeffrey awakened all the animosity of Lord Byron. In a spirit worthy of Mr. Bumble, parochial beadle, he writes to the editor of a rival review, to send him no more of Keats—to flay him alive, and unless some of them did it, he should be compelled to skin him himself: and afterward, in the same spirit of Mr. Bumble, parochial beadle, he says: 'His fragment of 'Hyperion' seems actually inspired by the Titians, and is worthy of Eschylus.' No poet was ever greeted with a popularity so splendid and dazzling as Lord Byron. It was like the demon confined in the bottle which the fisherman drew from the sea. When once the seal was unloosed, it filled the heavens and the earth. Byron had no respect for the commands of the CREATOR, and he cared nothing for the feelings of mankind. His overweening pride, contempt, and egotistical misanthropy, stare at you from every page of his writings, and if you read, you cannot escape its baleful influence. With the full knowledge of his life before us, we cannot look upon his unrestrained indulgence of sensual voluptuousness with other feelings than those of unpitying contempt. How differently do we contemplate the struggles of his contemporary. Cut off in the very bloom of youth and of promise, his life was one earnest, passionate yearning for the mastery of that beautiful which includes all that is good. If Byron reversed the poet's function, if he pulled down that which he should have elevated, and elevated that which he should have pulled down, Keats strove with all the earnestness of his true soul to reverse; but his voice, however true and earnest in its utterance, was unheard, or if heard, unheeded, in the loud bursts of applause which greeted the morbid vanity of his titled contemporary. In glowing raptures over nature, Byron fell into the errors of the old heathen philosophers, while Keats grasped the essence of the Pagan mythology and presented pictures of striking and attractive belief. In Byron's conceptions of womanhood, he gives us types that fill our hearts with indignation. For him, 'those God-beloved of old Jerusalem,' the 'airy

fairly Lilians' that make our lives one glad surprise and the hardest tasks a pleasure, possessed no nobler traits than those which ministered to his voluptuous tastes.

The spirit of Keats, sensuous and delicate, swooned away in the rare delights of the mythology of Rome and Greece, and in the faery romance of which Spenser wrote so many charming verses. He caught his inspiration from these sources, as Wordsworth derived his from the old Border Ballads and from Germany. In the midst of the eternal hills, where the blue sky and the placid waters of the lake vie with each other in beauty, surrounded by fond and loving hearts, and a pastoral quiet that the poets of the seventeenth century would have gloried in inviting their Chloes and Julias to, Wordsworth passed his life. His genius was as serene as his own lakes. It reflected back no tempest greater than the sobbing of the rain, or the wail of the autumn wind as it souged through the leafless wold. His soul never lifted itself above the lowliest primrose that blushed in the dust of the wayside. He chanted no praises to Hector or Achilles; his mightiest Sarpedon was a pack-peddler! The highest strains of sadness his muse essayed were not drawn forth by the untimely death of some heroic Balder, but by a dead donkey! Not thus with John Keats. His spirit leaped up in passionate, sensuous yearnings. He uttered his aspirations in words of force and fitness, like a giant oak that in its robust strength and freshness claps its leafy palms together, and shimmers and flashes in the glory of a June morning. His ornaments were of the truest beauty, and he broiders them into his poetry as profusely as the summer broiders its daisies and king-cups on the hillside. He scatters the pearls of his genius as lavishly as the wind scatters the drops of rain scented from nestling amid the blooms of the lilac. There was no affectation, no grand and ridiculous composure, like the stately minuet, with its flection and genuflection, its bowing to the right and to the left, and its retiring as it entered, with no advancement. With a tremulous flush, he sweeps onward, and though he sometimes dallies to extract a sweet from thymy beds of mint and of clover, he intoxicates you with its rare aroma, and leads you as Una led the lion.

As the world grows older, Keats approximates nearer and still nearer the high standard to which his rare genius entitles him. A few days before he died he told his friend Severn that he felt the flowers growing over him. He lies buried in the romantic and lonely cemetery of the Protestants of Rome. It is an open space, surrounded by mouldering and desolate ruins and towers; and in the winter, violets and daisies bloom and shed their fragrance above him. Shelley says, 'that it might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.'

With the words with which Richard Monckton Milnes closes his fine biography of John Keats, let us finish: 'Let no man,' he says, 'who is any thing above his fellows, claim, as a right, to be understood or valued: the vulgar great are comprehended and adored, because they are in reality in the same moral plane with those who admire; but he who deserves the higher reverence must himself convert the worshipper. The pure and the lofty life; the generous and tender use of the rare creative faculty; the brave endurance of neglect and ridicule; the strange and cruel end of so much genius and so much virtue; these are the lessons by which the sympathies of mankind must be interested, and their faculties educated, up to the love of such a character and the comprehension of such an intelligence. Still the lovers and scholars will be few; still the rewards of fame will be scanty and ill-proportioned; no accumulation of knowledge or series of experience can teach the meaning of genius to those who look for it in additions and results, any more than the numbers studded round a planet's orbit could approach nearer infinity than a single unit. The world of thought must remain apart from the world of action, for, if they once coincided, the problem of life would be solved, and the hope which we call heaven would be realized on earth. And therefore men

'ARE cradled into poetry by wrong:
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.'

L I N E S : T E A R S .

THEY err, who deem that keenest agony
In sighs and moans finds utterance for its pain.
Tears are for those who hope: a blessed rain
That gently falls upon the aching heart,
Stealing its grief away. The dark clouds part
And float aloft. In the pure, azure sky
The gladsome, golden sun-light laughs once more.
Ah! happy heart, that weeps — and smiles again.
For me, alas! the time of tears is o'er:
Hopeless, alone, I walk Life's arid plain,
In Heaven no star — on earth no leaf nor flower.
Yet never falls for me that blessed shower:
The fount of tears is dry for evermore;
The place where once it gushed with fire burned o'er!

CHINESE SKETCHES.

BY JOHN K. DUBER, UNITED STATES NAVY.

THE LADRONES OF CHINA.

IN China, piracy appears to be reduced to the most perfect system. Neither the corsairs of the Mediterranean nor the pirates of the Gulf of Mexico ever succeeded half so well as the nautical rogues of Kathay, in acquiring the property of others, or in eluding discovery and evading capture. Their vessels line the entire coast. There are not only fleets, but navies of them; and all controlled by chiefs at different stations. Their rendezvous is always among some of the innumerable islands of the China Sea, in a little harbor known only to themselves. Their spies and emissaries are every where; and scarcely a vessel leaves a port on the coast that it is not known to some of them. For this reason trading-junks generally make their voyages in squadrons, for mutual protection; and they sometimes employ armed *lorchas* from Macao to convoy them. But even this is hazardous; for it not unfrequently happens that these *lorchas* themselves, though apparently Portuguese, turn out to be a portion of a piratical fleet. Where the cruising-ground of the Chinese 'ladrones' ceases, that of the Malay pirates commences; so that from the Bocca Tigris to the islands of Java and Sumatra, including both the China and Java Seas, swarms of these rascals are always lurking among some of the small islands.

The rivers of China have their smaller pirates, and many a fast-boat loses its two or three chests of smuggled opium, and market-boat its vegetables, by these fresh-water rovers. Almost all the houses bordering the banks of Pearl River, (that upon which Canton is situated,) have small carriage-guns or swivels mounted, and their proprietors keep blunderbusses and muskets at hand, for defence against the ladrones. We have accounts of innumerable encounters with these despicable villains by Europeans and Americans as well as Chinese, and from what we can gather from them, it would appear that they are much more dexterous in the use of what are called *stink-pots* than fire-arms; a fact that robs their profession of half its romance.

Beside the usual depredations committed by others addicted to the same pursuit, the ladrones of China gain a very important part of their means of subsistence by landing at some village, and sometimes even at a large town, and carrying off a number of the women of the place, for whom they demand a ransom. Upon its payment they are restored. This not only occurs in secluded places, but in the neigh-

borhood of the Bocca Tigris, and near Hong Kong and Macao, the English and Portuguese settlements.

Among the greatest sufferers from piracy on the coast of China are the poor fishermen. They are boarded, robbed of their money, fish, clothes, and whatever else may be desirable, and frequently lose their wives and daughters; for a Chinese boat is a family mansion: it is the only home the crew knows. Should one of these vessels happen to be better adapted for his use than his own, the pirate exchanges with the fisherman, or if she prove only equal to his own, he captures her, ridding himself of the male portion of the crew and the old women, by dropping them overboard, unless he should be short-handed, and the former feel inclined to unite their fortunes with his in preference to death. In that case they are soon made to bind themselves to the life, by being forced to the commission of a crime; and should they ever be taken, they are executed with the rest, of course, without an opportunity of proving themselves robbers and murderers by compulsion.

But this is not all the mischief the pirates of China have it in their power to effect. Our own vessels, as well as those of Europeans, are frequently boarded and rifled, and sometimes even destroyed by them. Here the subject comes home and deserves more attention than it ever appears to have received. That our commerce should be permitted to suffer in the least by the deeds of a parcel of imbecile wretches, who fly from 'barbarian' gun-powder, does appear absurd. Yet so it is!

No very active measures have ever been taken for the suppression of piracy on the coast of China. This is a common complaint. The imperial government is too weak in naval force to compete with the freebooters, and all they do toward stopping it, with the exception of taking off a few heads in the course of a year, is to enter into a compromise with a pirate-chief now and then, and permit him for a while to smuggle opium unmolested. But this does not last long. The pirate soon breaks the compact by robbing or smuggling just as suits his convenience. British cruisers have occasionally captured or destroyed a few junks, but almost always too late to remedy the foulest acts it was in the power of the ladrones to commit. American ships are rarely sent after them, and there is seldom a disposition shown on the part of our naval commanders to extirpate these villains. Their invariable excuse is, fear of not being sustained by government. This is ridiculous; for a man who does his duty, and neither neglects nor exceeds it, will always be sustained. Justice may not come at first, but it will ultimately.

One vessel, whose exclusive duty it should be to ferret out these scoundrels and bring them to certain and condign punishment, is what

is wanted for the suppression of piracy in the China Sea. We have an exemplification of this in a little Portuguese armed lorch, under the command of a young lieutenant, that once became the terror of the petty pirates in the vicinity of Macao. But the vessel peculiarly adapted for this cruising is a small steamer of exceedingly light draft, which might chase the pirates to their very haunts, and not require the use of boats for cutting out and firing, which too often proves as destructive of life to the force sent against them, as to the pirates themselves; for when chased and hemmed in on all sides, with no chance of escape, the Chinese will turn upon outside barbarians. This steamer should mount, as broadside guns, ten twenty-four pounder howitzers, such as are in use in our navy for frigates' launch-guns, and being able to run into the midst of a fleet of piratical junks, cutting down some with her stem, and opening both her broadsides, (not forgetting a little grape and cannister in some of the charges,) destruction must follow, right and left, where she goes.

Is not this worthy the favorable consideration of government? Such a vessel, commanded by a judicious but young and active officer, responsible only to the head of the Navy Department, would be hailed on the coast of China with delight. But before concluding, permit me to remark, lest the reader should regard this as a self-recommendation, that I class myself among those too old *in years* for such service as this, although I am yet kept in a subordinate position by the undoubted wisdom of my government.

A SMALL MANDARIN.

THE '*Taou-tai*' of a Chinese city is a mandarin of no very high degree; a sort of magistrate. He is neither a judge, according to our acceptance of the term, nor a mayor; but the office he holds resembles more that of a Spanish *Intendente* than any other that I know of. It is both civil and military; and one of his titles is 'Intendent of Circuit.' He is either one of the promoted literati, or he may have attained his rank by purchase; the latter is not unfrequently permitted now, as the government is in constant want of funds. The *Taou-tai* of Shanghai some five years since was one of the latter class; he was formerly a hong merchant of Canton, and was known to foreigners by the name of *Samqua*, but whose real name was *Woo*. A very good portrait of this worthy individual does or did hang in Barnum's Museum, in the Chinese section of that heterogeneous establishment.

The important part that this man played during the commencement of the successes of the rebels in China, has given to his name some celebrity; and at one time gained for himself the favor of the Em-

peror and consequent advancement in rank. Endowed with chicanery unsurpassed, he managed so to misrepresent and turn to account the movements of the foreign men-of-war in the Chinese waters, as at one time to convince the Emperor and high officers of state, the people, and even the rebels themselves, that an alliance had been formed between the 'barbarian' fleets and the imperial government to crush the insurrectionist party. Knowing that the cruisers of the western nations would be sent wherever troubles were likely to exist, upon Shanghai being threatened, the Taou-tai addressed letters, which he caused to be very extensively published, to the commanding officers of the different naval forces of these powers, exhorting their intercession in behalf of the empire. Very soon, but of course not upon this request, some of these vessels did proceed to Shanghai. Instantly the news was spread throughout the country, much to the consternation of the rebel chiefs, with whom the foreigners had actually not the slightest intention of interfering. Thus, by the cunning of Samqua, much courage was restored to the imperial troops, and directly succeeding these events they met with some unimportant successes.

Among other ships that arrived at Shanghai at this time, was the United States steam-frigate *Susquehanna*. After remaining there a few days, she left the port with the American Commissioner on board, to move up the Yang-tze-kiang toward Nankin, and to anchor as near that city as possible, in order to ascertain the real state of the country: but she was run on a shoal a short distance up the river, by no less than four very highly recommended Chinese pilots, and returned.* Just previously to her departure, the Taou-tai reported to the Emperor and the viceroy of his province, that he had hired this vessel to act against the rebels, and they both believed it. Soon afterward the *Hermes*, a small English war-steamer, carrying the envoy of Great Britain, departed on much the same mission, and with better success, for she reached Nankin and communicated with the rebels; not, however, without exchanging a few shots with their forts and fleets of junks. Reports were made by Samqua similar to those in the case of the *Susquehanna*, with the addition that the envoy would probably represent himself as a neutral, but this would be done in order to deceive the insurgents. The imperialists would therefore bear in mind that they had a friend to deal with. But the revolutionary party was set right on this point.

By such means, and by constantly issuing proclamations announcing victories, and telling the people they had nothing to fear, besides fitting out a fleet at his own expense, composed in part of American and

*In the spring of the following year this vessel succeeded in reaching a point on the Yang-tze-kiang nearly one hundred miles above Nankin.

English vessels which he had purchased, the Taou-tai of Shanghai succeeded in duping not only his enemies, his own rulers, and his own countrymen, but also the press of Europe and America.

I formed a member of the suite of an officer of rank who on one occasion paid a visit of ceremony to Samqua, or more properly, Woo. After leaving the American Consulate in sedan-chairs, and crossing over a bridge and then passing through a gate into the city, we were carried up and down lanes lined with filthy shops, and went floundering amid jostling crowds of filthier people, coming finally to the residence of the Taou-tai. In front of the house was a small paved court, in one corner of which was erected what appeared to be a cow-pen, but which we soon recognized by the excruciating tones issuing thence, to be an orchestra.

Upon our entrance a salute was fired; bamboo-crackers (that is, a sort of leviathan squib) serving the purpose of guns. A Chinese salute, royal, national, or any thing else, is always three guns. After walking between two rows of attendants, we were met at the door by Samqua himself, who welcomed us in our own style, and then conducted us to a large room which we dubbed the *salon*. Here he entreated us not to uncover, as was our habit, for the day was damp and disagreeable, and China houses were not constructed with fire-places. In truth, as it was March, and the apartment was somewhat open and airy, we gladly availed ourselves of his polite remonstrance, and remained with our caps on, according to the Chinese custom. Seating himself cross-legged upon a dais covered with red stuff, the Taou-tai placed the highest American officer present on his right, and begged the rest of us to take the chairs which we would find at two tables bearing viands still hidden.

A little desultory conversation ensued; when at a signal from the chief domestic, the dishes upon the tables were uncovered, and we opened upon the feast. There was a great variety set before us, all of which it would be about as impossible for me to describe as it would be to eat. But beef-tea and birds'-nest soup were the favorite dishes. These were washed down by a little tea, such as I never had drunk before, and such as I shall probably never drink again. At the conclusion of this celestial banquet the terrestrial barbarians arose to depart. An invitation, which was eagerly accepted, was given Samqua to return our visit; and we took our leave, the Taou-tai accompanying us as far as the spot at which he had received his foreign friends. In the court we had the same rows of servants, the same music, and the same salute of three squibs as upon our entrance. We passed out into the street, encountering gaping crowds of a curious Kathay *canaille*, and the gates of the Taou-tai of Shanghai were again closed upon all 'outside barbarians.'

The personal appearance of Samqua is not prepossessing. His complexion is inclined rather to the swarthy, even for an oriental light; his nose is prominent and his lips thin. He has, too, a quick, cunning eye, and one continually fancies him a Chinese shop-keeper dressed up for an occasion. He is polite in his manners, but not at all polished, in which he differs from most of the mandarins selected from the literati, among whom there is a great deal of refinement. To be sure, it is Chinese refinement, but then one should not be too particular as to conventionalities.

The Taou-tai was attired to receive us in the full costume of his rank, wearing his cap with the blue button made of a precious stone, and peacock-feather. His robe was long, and of olive-colored satin, ornamented with an embroidered representation of the imperial dragon both on the breast and back. A rich mandarin belt girdled his waist, and a string of costly gems hung round his neck. He spoke to us in the usual 'pigeon-English,' or business-lingo, which he had picked up while in trade at Canton. From what we saw of him then and afterwards, he would seem a person of little courage, but great cunning, backed by considerable obstinacy, which probably passed among the Chinese for determination.

Upon the capture of Shanghai by an insurgent force, Samqua delivered up his seals of office upon his knees, and was rescued from danger by two or three Americans, and protected by our commissioner. It was the intention of the rebels to boil him in a cauldron of oil, should he fall into their hands, and thus, after 'living in peace,' he would have 'died in a pot of grease,' and I might have concluded my story in the good old Mother Goose style. But he was spared, to have one button taken from him by the Emperor for not re-capturing Shanghai; and it was said afterward, that he had fallen into still greater disgrace for some other real or fancied offence.

D R E A M : ' T H E A N G E L . '

EARTH is sleeping, sleeping, sleeping,
Heaven's glorious host is keeping
Vigil o'er the slumbering earth;
Sleep the rich and sleep the lowly;
Slumber seals in stillness holy,
Palace-hall and cottage-hearth.

Earth is sleeping, sleeping, sleeping;
Hushed the laughter, hushed the weeping
Of the sinful ones of earth;
Rest the sad and rest the weary,
Still the glad and still the cheery;
Notes of woe and sounds of mirth.

Earth is sleeping, sleeping, sleeping;
Dream, the angel, now is sweeping
Trouble from the sinking heart;
Hush! oh! hush! do not awaken
Brothers thus by care forsaken;
Bid the angel not depart.

Let her enter every portal,
Whispering to each slumbering mortal
'Rest thee from thy earthly care.'
Brothers think not of to-morrow,
Soft their couch, and free from sorrow,
Lo! sweet Dream is lingering there.

E. F.

THE OLD CHURCH.

THE old church standeth
In a lonely nook,
Where the day gleameth
Through the tulip trees,
Which forever look
On its mysteries.

The fanged bug buzzeth
In the chancel-way ;
The blue-fly crawleth
On the dusty pane ;
And each sunny day
Brings an insect rain.

The gray rat rusheth
O'er the shattered floor ;
The black-snake hisseth
From the crumbling wall,
While shakes the half-door
In the windy hall.

When the night falleth,
For its absent mate
The night-bird calleth ;
And a mournful pall,
Like an accurst fate
Wrappeth all, all, all.

The pale ghost stealeth
Through the grass-grown aisle ;
The organ pealeteth,
As in days of yore,
Through the ruined pile,
'For evermore.'

Oft the wind tolleth
The old cracked bell ;
And each stroke soundeth
Like a dying groan,
Or a cry from hell
In dolorous tone.

Mystery palleth
Without and within ;
Deep darkness falleth
On all things below ;
Mixing what hath been ;
Mixing woe, woe, woe.

Kingston-on-the-Hudson, 1860.

R E M E M B R A N C E S .

IV.

THE OFFERING.

How well I remember one morning, after the finger of the angel had been pressed on her forehead, and while I knew that he was only lingering for her at the door-way, that passing out by the back-piazza I went up along the river-bank, and in an hour or two came home with some dew-sprinkled flowers; then placing them by her bed-side, I read to her these two verses, which some one whispered to me, while I was trying to tie up the bunch with long pieces of dry grass:

'I HAVE wandered all among the hills
To gather flowers, and along the rills
Of sparkling water, where just lifts its head
The white anemone from grassy bed;
And I've found 'neath roots of aged tree,
Sweet blue violets, and have brought them thee;
For well I ween, a sweet and grateful boon,
Are Spring's first flowers for the sick one's room.

'True they will quickly die and fade away,
Losing their sweet fresh fragrance in a day;
'Tis thus they bring more vividly to mind,
The sad, sad thought that one who is so kind
And good to me, may in a few short hours,
Pine and die, as fade and die the flowers;
And yet I ween, there is no sweeter boon
Than Spring's first flowers for the sick one's room.'

As she liked the verses, I read them over, and told her that all the time I was writing, her dog lay by me in a bed of leaves, and watching me with his eyes, seemed to know as well as I did who the flowers were for, and why we had come out upon the river bank. I did not tell her that he knew better than I did who would open the gate for us when we came home, and having this foreknowledge, how he slunk to one side in coming through, and then crouching down on the door-step, let me go in alone with the offering, he dreaming and knowing all the time who would glide in with folded wings when the door was opened, and startle me with a shadow on the stair-way wall, as he followed me up to see what progress had been made since he left the finger-mark on her forehead. I told her nothing of all this, but as she turned her head and looked longingly at the little table, I went away; perhaps God's painted violets told her, for when I came in again I found she had stretched out her hand and taken them, and lay in peaceful sleep, with the quiet teachers folded to her breast.

V.

THE COMING OF THE LETTERS.—THE TWO CLERGYMEN.

February, 1857.

‘DEAR ——: Two days ago I heard she had gone; a month ago, on my own dying-bed, I suspected it; I often asked, but they would not tell me. God help you; sorrow nestles at the foot of the cross. There bended knees find strength, and hearts find peace and hope. The tie that binds us cannot be broken; there is all the past in life, and all the future in the two little ones. These links will forever unite us.

‘Yours in love,

——;

Listless girl in the Avenue, lounging at this late hour over your chocolate, dreaming still of last night’s faded flowers, of soft words, and willing dances, I want to tell you something about this letter; you may be surprised to hear there was no black edge to the paper, or crested black seal upon the envelope. It was written in pencil upon one small half-sheet; all the letters were separate, and seemed to stand out by themselves, just as they do in a little child’s spelling-book, yet I knew the signature, and knew that that little piece of paper contained the first stroke of a sister’s hand, as, bolstered with pillows, she made faint tracery of her love in pencil-marks.

Lay down the KNICKERBOCKER now, and sip your chocolate while I look for another letter; ah! here it is. It was written by a country clergyman, with a small salary. You may think it too solemn, but remember that small salaries are not conducive to light words.

I have often heard from such as you, that young clergymen, having a good city parish, are much run after. Miss Aminda Jones, whom you will meet by-and-by on your way down-town, can tell you whether Mr G —— is to preach in the morning or afternoon, simply because he was at the house the other day, and mother asked him, (how queer mother is to ask such questions!) The next day Miss Jones, coming down the aisle, will sum up all the service, and digest a large portion of the sermon, by siding up to you and saying, ‘What a love of a man,’ ‘Is n’t he sweet?’ and if you happen to be blocked in by crinoline at the door-way, (which I hope won’t be for long, as it seems to be going out of fashion,) she will gently remind you that the Sewing-Society meets at Mrs. B ——’s. That he will be there in the evening — to explain the object of the mission. That they want to get the box off this week, and need all the help they can get; it’s going ever so far out west — but, really the mission has such a queer name that she forgets it; all she knows is, that the country about there is thinly inhabited, and that in the winter-time they sometimes

ride out with dogs; yet assures you the box will be got off, if only enough ladies will come to finish the other three surplices.

Now I don't think you have ever met my country clergyman, (you shall read his letter in a moment;) he worked his own garden, trellised his own vines, and went himself to market. The people in our village have gone so far as to say that he drove his own cow up from the back-lot in the evening. I do not believe this, as he once told me privately that the cow was milked upon shares. He always took an interest in us when we were going out fishing; examined our tackle, and gave us good advice. I once heard him boast of being a good shot, but birds are scarce now, and powder and shot are dear. He lounged in our office and read the morning paper, and when he went out we always took it up again, because he had put a new interpretation on some one of the articles. He was always ready to throw aside self and self-interest, and work and strive and labor for the good of others. There was no one uncared for in his parish; he had an intuitive knowledge of all sick persons, and was always ready to bring comfort to those who were troubled, either in mind, body or estate; when he met you, he gave you a great strong grasp of the hand, which meant more than simply, 'I am glad to see you.'

He is married, but here 's his letter; it was written in *her* lifetime, but received after the white flowers had been sent up, and we had moved from the parish.

'March, 1857.

'MY DEAR —: You must not think I have forgotten you; daily have I remembered you. The Father of mercies will make all your bed in your sickness; hold fast to the faith, for underneath are the everlasting arms. The brightest saints when about to be translated from earth to Paradise, have ever been calm and placid, because 'they knew in whom they trusted.' At times He may seem to hide His face from you; remember that He veiled HIMSELF from His own Son upon the cross. He may permit clouds and mists to intercept your vision; it will be but for a little while; faith, like sunshine, will return with increased strength; the spiritual will triumph over the mortal, and all distrust and despondency shall be to you but new proofs of the reality and the power of the Gospel.

'Affectionately yours,

—.'

Now, fair girl, finish your chocolate. The carriage will be here soon, and it's time for you to dress. You will find a very polite man at Stewart's, ready to open the carriage-door and help you over the crossing if necessary.

If any one should send you a bouquet this evening, you will of course accept it; yet while you gaze on the flowers by gas-light, and pluck at them with your little gloved hand, just remember how all sick persons like to have them on the table by the bed-side.

VI.

J U N E .

JUNE is coming — the sweetest month of the summer-time. The rose-buds open their leaves to welcome it; all the seeds planted in May-time come up strong and healthy, and are kissed by the dews of the mild evenings; the birds are all mated, and gather straws to build soft nests in the maple trees; the little children feed them with crumbs on the piazza; just so they fed them last year; they do not forget it, though the gentle voice that taught them, and the hand that helped to feed the birds, are all silent and cold — passed away forever. Oh! that I could close your buds, beautiful roses, in front of my window! Oh! that I could make the birds sing some soft, plaintive song in the twilight-time! then would the remembrances of other days be lighter to bear, and the more in unison with a broken spirit.

Yes, June is coming, bringing with it visions of clear, swift-running streams up among the hills of Sullivan. How well I know every inch of the ground there! To-day I have taken down my fishing-rod and looked at it; my hand trembled when I held it; there was none of the former great grasp of pleasure in it. *She* put it away last summer; no hands have touched it since. I took it down from the same peg where she had hung it. I remembered the gladness that danced in her eyes when she thought of all the great pleasure I would have. I remember how hers was always the last form standing between the two little girls in the door-way, and throwing kisses from white hands as the wagon gained the top of the big hill yonder. But to-day I have packed my own carpet-bag, and when I get up among the hills I will miss something which she would not have forgotten. Pass by, visions of other days, pass by!

I have returned again. There was no music in the rushing of the stream; there was no looking forward to a home welcome. The two little girls were playing on the lawn, but there was no quick step running down the stairway, making haste to welcome before the door-sill was passed; there was no half-finished work on the little stand in the parlor. The urn sang sorrowfully. There was no one with glistening eyes to listen about the great struggle I had with the trout hooked under the mill-dam; no familiar spirit to take part in all the little incidents that happened, nothing but the singing of the urn and the ticking of the kitchen-clock; and then came the voices of the little girls,

calling, 'Good-night, papa,' from the top of the stairs. The voices enter into my soul, and slowly I go up the stairs. The two little girls, hand in hand, are kneeling down by the bed, and I hear them say: 'God bless dear papa and grandma, and all that the little girls love.' Surely I miss some familiar word from out this prayer, but, looking up, see a bright vision, and remember that there is no need for them to pray any more for mamma.

June and the summer-time have gone, and the wind, sweeping down the river, rattles the blinds, and comes in under the door, and shakes the curtains at the window, as though seeking to find some one to blow death upon. . . . I think how last year it was not disappointed, but found one out, and well remember how it howled, as if rejoicing, when the black wagon with the empty coffin came up to the door. I saw one of those same wagons the other day in the city; one can always tell them by the dark color and high seat.

The wind finds no one here — perhaps it is satisfied; for now that I think of it, when the steamer sailed last Saturday it was very calm and still, and the little girls stood on the deck waving their hands till their forms faded away in the distance.

Winds of the south, kiss the little girls; blow not harshly on them; bring roses to their cheeks. Yet kiss them not suddenly, or in the place of the roses will come the crimson flush. Oh! kiss them gently, lest you should bring back to me visions of the long string of carriages, the tolling of the bell, the voice of the priest, the sound of the first shovel-ful of earth, and all the sorrow that has been! Kiss them lovingly, and bring them back to me with roses.

VII.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S.

COLDER than ever — the Christmas-time coming. I shall go, as usual, to the old house up in the country. The big logs in the fire-place will burn just as brightly, green branches will droop down from behind the picture-frames, and the great china vases in the corner will once more wonder why they are filled with hemlock and laurel; all the places will again be filled at table, and yet to me will there be a vacant chair. No soft voice of love will whisper as in the olden time; no hand clasp mine when the health goes round. The organ in the church, sending out notes of joy, will only sound dirges for me. She who, in other days, sat there, and, rejoicing, sang, 'Glory to God in the highest!' will be stringing angel-harps, and singing, 'Peace on earth — good will to men.'

I shall be alone at the Christmas-time.

Gather about me, friends of other days. Take the cloth from the table; heap on the wood, and draw up the fire. Let the wine sparkle in your glasses, and tell me stories of other times. But you are all young, girls and boys together. No shadows have fallen on you yet; but they will come. All men, sooner or later, pass under the shadow.

I have returned from the old house in the country. The man stood holding the same horses in front of the dépôt. It is wonderful how many one of those old sleighs can carry. Ours was over-loaded, and yet there was a vacant seat. That vacant seat always follows me. It stands before me at the breakfast-table; it is next to me at dinner; and in the gas-light it is always rocking to-and-fro by the fire-side. . . . There is no music in the sleigh-bells; they only seem to be saying: 'Passing away — passing away!' The great flood of light pouring out of the hall-door, shows kindly faces ready to welcome me — kindly faces, who were with me last year when we sent down to the city for the roses and japonicas. No words are said, but I give to the faces the kiss of a brother's love; and as we go in, they and I together remember the last Christmas-time.

The logs burn late in the fire-place on Christmas eve; and as I sit and watch them, as they drop away, stick by stick, the voice comes to me again: 'Ashes to ashes — dust to dust.' I cover them up carefully with the old shovel — always in its place at the left-hand corner of the franklin; put the brass fender in front of them, and turn down the old-fashioned astral lamp. And then, when I get up to my room, the shadow of the candle (they have no gas in the country) seems to be saying:

'No merry Christmas on the morrow; no voice to greet you with its Christmas song; no hand to clasp yours in love; no one to go back with you in thought to the Virgin and the manger; to the song of the angels; to the 'peace on earth, and good will to men.''

'The shadow says, 'You will be alone on Christmas,' and so the shadow and I lie down together in the darkness.

All the ground is covered with snow in the morning. The sun comes in bright at the window. There are loving voices calling to me at the door: The great day of man's redemption is ushered in. The shadow has left me, and looking up, I see all the heavenly host standing, ready to welcome the day; and foremost among them — beloved, lamented, blessed — stands one unto whom a white robe has been given, who has a 'new name written,' and the 'Morning Star,' who shall not 'go out from thence any more; neither shall the sun or

the heat light on her, for she is before the Throne of God, serving Him day and night.' Then all the room is filled with a voice, and the new song coming downward is saying:

'Worthy art Thou, O LORD! to receive glory, and honor, and power; for THOU wast slain and hast redeemed us to GOD by THY blood. Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto HIM that sitteth on the Throne, and unto the Lamb forever!'

Then, when the song has floated away, I remember that she died in peace and charity with the world — died with white roses in her hand, and looking on the flower-cross.

So she and I keep our Christmas together in our hearts.

—

ELEVEN, by the village clock! The old year is passing away! It has been snowing all the morning. The big flakes came down gently and silently at first, and nestled themselves among the roots of the frosted grass; but as I look out now, I see that they have overtopped the grass — the whole earth is covered, and so the old year passes away, wrapped in a clean white shroud; the new year walking in, makes foot-prints on the snow, and knocking at my door, wishes me happiness. There is a vision of flowers in its hand — are these japonicas? Ah! no, they are fresh roses, made white with snow-flakes; so I take them, and long for happiness, and, looking on them, remember that always in the summer-time there are many bright, fresh flowers blooming in our forests, which, though they apparently wither and die under the earliest of our October frosts, yet come up again in the spring, and bud and bloom, and bear as sweet, fresh, fragrant flowers as before; and so I wonder if my happiness will ever come back, and love be fresh again, as it was in my spring-time.

Throwing myself back in the chair, I dream once more of that city where there is neither the ending nor beginning of years — that city of which you and I who are left, know nothing, nothing of its walls, nothing of its gates of pearl, nothing of the twelve angels guarding the gates, nothing of its streets, or of its river, nothing of its white and jeweled throne; nothing of its seven golden candle-sticks, and of the great Book of Records kept there. I remember that those who have 'gone before' know all these things, and that you and I, having firm faith, may come in our turn to their full knowledge, if we do but only so live that, when our summons comes, we may be found without the dust of the world clinging to the wheels of our pilgrimage.

Then I gather up the flowers left by the new year, and, rising from the chair, wonder whether happiness is a reality or a dream.

A VILLAGE SKETCH.

BY R. S. C.

HERE comes Tom, the crazy man !
Boys, make ready as fast as you can ;
Scrape up the dust and throw it before him,
And make him believe the wind blows it o'er him :
Then with curses he 'll load the air,
And his horrible blood-shot eyes will glare,
As he strikes with impotent rage about,
As if he were putting a host to rout.

Poor old Tom, the crazy man,
With his long gray hair and his face like tan,
Has roamed, the target of sportive jeers,
About the village for years and years.
Whenever he passes the cross-roads' store,
The loungers within all crowd to the door,
And ply him with questions to rouse his ire
And see him grow red like the blacksmith's fire.

Some of the villagers — gray old men —
Say they remember the lunatic when
He was sound of mind and comely of mien :
Only to think such a time has been !
But now even they, in spite of themselves,
Laugh when the boys, like mischievous elves,
Tease him with pranks till he roars with rage,
And then with kindness his anger assuage.

Poor old Tom ! a fresh-heaped mound
In the church-yard, tells of the rest he has found.
There, with his head 'gainst a moss-grown stone,
He lay one morning, cold and alone.
As they tore his ragged shirt apart
To feel, if they might, the beat of his heart,
They found a locket of soft brown hair,
Tied by a ribbon, suspended there :
And the name engraved thereon, they say,
Was the same that was carved on the stone where he lay.

A 'GOOD TIME GENERALLY' ON A FARM.

HOW I COMMENCED 'COUNTRY LIFE.'

I AM a farmer. They called me a 'city-farmer,' when I first 'went at it.' I use Mapes' subsoil plough; I have a horse-power and mowing-machine: also machines for threshing, sawing, churning, etc. etc. I dig potatoes and hoe corn.

My friend the Colonel tells me the KNICKERBOCKER never publishes communications from a farmer's pen.* Very likely; but I shall nevertheless 'let her slide.'

I was always particularly fond of the country. When a child I used to dream of broad green fields, waving grain, clover, the humming of bees; flowers, strawberries and cream, and pork-and-beans. Hay-making was superb: drinking warm milk magnificent. At college I wrote many essays on the subject. My oration at the Junior Exhibition was, 'The Country;' and at Commencement, 'The Dignity of Labor.' I received the degree of A.B., (rendered by a class-mate, who had the Latin Oration, 'A. BUSTER.) I spent a year in the country; went West; got lost on a 'grand prairie;' killed prairie-hens by the bushel, and finally wound up my tour by purchasing three 'eighties.'

Returning, entered a law-office; read all the books on 'Real Estate,' from Blackstone to Hilliard; was admitted to the Bar; and wound up *that* affair, by falling head-over-heels in love with a very beautiful and accomplished girl.

I had chosen law as a profession, and it was arranged that we should be married as soon as I was established in business. I was troubled with many doubts about my capacity for the law. I could pettifog tolerably well: my preceptor said I would certainly succeed, and make a good lawyer; and he being a Judge, should have judged correctly. I rather thought not. I had many longings for a rural life: heard many constantly speaking of it in the highest terms: What life so delightful as a farmer's? what profession so lucrative? what life afforded so much leisure for reading, thinking, writing, and having a good time generally? so free from care and vexation of spirit? Every one wished for a farm; every one was going to retire to a farm, and fatten his own pigs, as soon as he could arrange his affairs for so doing.

I began to think of the subject; became excited; was more and

*A GREAT mistake, tell the COLONEL. Not a few of the cleverest free-and-easy country sketches which have appeared in our pages, have come from just such 'city-farmers' as the writer of the present article. — EDITOR.

more impressed with the idea that this was *my* vocation; a country life was one I had always liked: what a fool to force myself out of the direction of my natural tastes! I *could* work, and should be getting a stock of health very different from that usually acquired in an office. I talked over the matter with my 'intended.' She was delighted with the idea: 'it was so sweet to be always in the country; to run over the fields; to wander through wood and brake, and recline under shady trees: '*patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi*:' to always have horses at one's command; to feed and fondle animals, and raise poultry: and then, should we not always be together? Oh! ecstasy! Do let us go and live on a farm!

Of course we were fitted for farm-life, it was so very simple. We could and would work: but that would be necessary only for a very few years: for was it not lucrative — very, *very* lucrative? And then what pleasure to work for those we love, and *that* work, too, on a farm. We should live so cozily, could read so many books together during the long winter evenings, while the winds were whistling, and the snow drifting against the windows.

That conversation, and the two soft arms around my neck, with several kisses, decided the matter, and made me a farmer: a farmer and dairyman of Herkimer County.

In the valley of the Mohawk, near a thriving village, almost surrounded by hills which nearly rise to the dignity of mountains, lay one hundred acres, which had belonged to my family. It was in a very romantic region; a lovely spot for poet or painter.

That farm was *mine*, under the will of my most excellent father. I had offered it for sale many times, chiefly through a tenant, who rented the premises at one hundred dollars per annum. He had been on the place several years; was always talking of leaving; thought the rent high, and said he labored incessantly to find me a purchaser. No purchaser ever came, and how I blessed my stars that he never had come.

I packed up my trunk and started for Herkimer County. It was in August: we were in the midst of a 'heated term': no rain; not a breath of air: the great red sun came out every day like a ball of fire; the very pavements scorched your feet. Arrived at the farm, I found they were busy at haying. How pleasant it was to be in the country! Here was air, room, and shade — beautiful scenery, hill, dale, and waving woodland. How the lusty arms rolled up the hay; how cheerily the work went on; what appetites, what health. I felt I had chosen rightly: in the country only was happiness to be found. I ran over my farm: was struck with the great quantity of stones lying about in all directions: never had noticed it before. I frequently heard the mowers exclaim, '*R-ip!* there she goes!' followed

by some very large words, as the sharp scythe grappled with and endeavored to decapitate a 'hard head. I thought the large boy who had charge of the grindstone earned his money; and subsequent experience in that line has confirmed that impression. I saw a sort of rubbish inclosing several fields: was told it was a fence, though my tenant added that he had for the last few years used a boy and dog as fencing material; he found it 'a good institution;' less laborious and less expensive than rails: 'they did the thing up to the handle.'

The buildings would have delighted an artist. I could discover no doors to the barns: their places were supplied by rails thrown across, forming a very substantial fence. On one side of the large barn I counted three boards; but then that side was already filled with hay, and the roof was good. The house was in somewhat better condition; many of the windows had been boarded up, which my tenant said made it much cooler in summer, and warmer in winter; 'too many windows made it bad.' It was an old-fashioned house, solidly put together, and had resisted time and tenants tolerably well.

There were a few noble trees standing in the lawn, but the shrubbery had long since fallen before the *bon vivans* of the herd: not a vestige remained; for this being the best inclosed part of the farm, was used as a night-pasture and general 'pound.'

I had fifteen hundred dollars in bank: this was the amount of my capital. I had intended it for the purchase of my law library, and setting up in business, but on a farm fifteen hundred dollars would go a long way.

I determined to repair the house and out-buildings; and thought I could do it for two hundred dollars; I had several carpenters to examine and make estimates. They thought it could be done: selected four: they did not like to work by the job: job-work never gave satisfaction: advised me to hire by the day. Hired by the day, and went to work in earnest. We tore down and put up; shingled, undersilled, and put in beams: teams were set drawing lumber, and lime, and stone, and sand, and brick. Went into the woods and chopped, and scored, and hewed; the oxen hauled it down: the whole lawn was covered with the long, smooth sticks. A foolish neighbor thought we were 'going to build a village;' but my head-carpenter soon showed him that he 'did n't know quite so much as he thought he did.'

Ah me! were not those rare times? Was it not delightful to work on a farm; to build one's own house; to sit down among the clean chips in the shady grove, and take our luncheon from the great basket? What a scrambling for the best blocks and slabs, on which to sit and place our food; jack-knives were at a premium. And then the sound of the horn winding and echoing along the hills; the dropping

of sharp bright axes; the walk through the fields; the hearty meal; the song, the scuffles! Ah! yes:

A FARMER'S life is the life, my boys,
The life, my boys, the life, my boys:
A farmer's life, and a farmer's wife,
Free from care and free from strife,
With plenty of girls and plenty of boys,
You get all the joys without all the noise
Of the world. Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah for a life on the farm!

I have a slight impression that that song was sung several times by the wood-choppers and myself that season, and it seemed to be very pleasant out in the deep woods. I sometimes thought the trees would tumble down when we got into the chorus, but they did n't.

On the first of November the whole affair was finished; and the boys celebrated that event by getting all the girls in the neighborhood together, and 'raking it down' to the time of two violins. I had never seen 'real dancing' before: the whole earth shook under the vigorous shuffling 'of the light fantastic toe;' but the carpenters assured me the out-buildings were safe, and would stand.

During the early part of the evening I lost the extremities of my best coat, at 'catch me who can;' they parted just at the waist; and so great was the tramping of feet that I did not discover the loss until I had gone several times round the ring, and gaining on my fair pursuer, came up behind and saw the black flags waving over her head. French broadcloth stood below par at that market: but then I saw many pleasant faces looking at me during the rest of the night.

My tenant next morning informed me he had cleared by the operation seven dollars and fourteen cents, and that he considered 'a fuddle' 'a good institution,' especially if 'every thing was done up to the handle.' Settled with carpenters, masons, laborers, tradesmen, etc. etc., and found by careful estimation that I was out of pocket just nine hundred and thirty-one dollars and one cent, all told. The head carpenter 'could not believe it;' said 'there must be a mistake.' I thought very likely, for bank accounts are usually incorrect, and addition 'is a hard road to travel, I believe.'

That fall we put up quite a string of fence with hewed timber, and it looked remarkably neat and substantial. Purchased hay, grain, etc., of my tenant; and by calling the last year's rent fifty dollars, he agreed to vacate the premises. Hired a man to take charge of the farm; went home; was married; shipped all kinds of furniture and curious things; bid good-by to our friends, and was off to our new home.

We arrived on the fifteenth of December. There had been a fall

of snow, and we came up from the village in an open sleigh. The day was lovely; the air delicious; and how beautiful the hills looked. Millions of frosty gems flashed from the trees; and what a magnificent prospect from the lawn. 'Was it not truly a delightful spot?' 'and how glorious it must be in summer.'

We were very busy and very happy in arranging our furniture, books, pictures, etc. etc. My man had filled the cellar with fruit and vegetables, hauled up the winter's wood, and put up the stoves.

Every body called on us, and we returned every body's call. We congratulated ourselves many times on our pleasant home and bright prospects for the future. I was advised to go into the dairy business, as easy, pleasant, and very profitable. My neighbor — pious and estimable citizen — came up one day and informed me that he was going out of the business: his land needed ploughing: he had fifty cows, and proposed selling one-half of the best to me; would work off the rest to drovers, etc. I went down and looked at the animals; selected some of the finest-looking, but was told they were nearly worthless for milk — he did n't wish to take advantage of me. I agreed to let him pick me out twenty-four of the choice cows, and paid for them 'according.' Drove the cows home: heard a few days after that my neighbor had changed his mind about ploughing up; would n't sell any more cows, but would buy to replace those sold, and 'run his dairy another season.' The individual smiled when he told me: probably he was pleased at the great amount of butter and cheese I should make from my animals.

My man told me he feared there was hardly hay enough for stock: told him to feed carefully, and see that nothing was wasted. Occasionally looked at my stock: noticed them particularly in the spring. Never saw a greater number of ribs in one collection — never. Was perfectly satisfied that nothing had been wasted in the shape of fodder. Commenced feeding grain: was called away, and was absent several days. Attended county court: came back and found twenty very small cows and oxen shut up together in one of the empty barns. They were crying most piteously, and my whole dairy, sympathizing with them, 'brayed horrible discord:'

'ATTENTIVE to their cry, my 'lab'rer' paused
And turned to me his visage, and then spake:'

Learned that the miniature animals had had no food for the last two days: expostulated with him for such barbarity, and was told that this was the course pursued by the best dairymen to obtain a good 'runnet.' What in the deuce was *that*? It was explained: toward evening made some remarks to wife, on the sufferings of the animal creation in general, and of ours in particular. She became very much

excited ; said it was a 'burning shame ;' that the 'poor little darlings' should be fed ; and hastened to the barn to give orders and see them obeyed ; finished shaving and followed after. Met wife returning, and weeping bitterly. I could n't discover for some time what it was all about ; but at length gathered between the sobs that there was not even 'one little bossy' in the barn ; nothing but two long rows of hides : she said the brute of a man was laughing heartily, although for her part she could not tell at what. Comforted my little wife, and went on to the barn, where I found a load of the 'poor little darlings' stripped of their habiliments, and laid out in state on a stone-boat, preparatory to being hauled to their last resting-place in the deep and quiet wood. How ghastly they looked — poor babes, they had

— 'AN obscure funeral :

No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er their bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation.'

I commenced learning to milk : felt somewhat timid on my one-legged seat, under an animal : could n't get the stream into the pail. My hands became painful, but I was determined to learn : so I exerted all my strength ; when suddenly 'the stars shone : ' I was felled to the earth ; the milk flew, and the pail and stool were trodden under foot. I picked myself up and left. The dairy-maid and man seemed to me mightily tickled at something as I stepped out the door : I did n't inquire as to what.

I noticed one day that some of my cows were lame : they grew worse ; but I could n't tell what was the matter. My neighbors saw them : *they* did n't know ; but thought it was the 'hoof-ail.' I got a cow-doctor, and he pronounced it that disease, for which there was no cure. More were taken lame ; it was evidently going through my whole stock : I was taken myself about this time with a slight attack of the blues, but put on a 'stiff upper lip.' Heard of a large dairy-man who was treating the disease scientifically and successfully in his own dairy : went to see him, and found him engaged at the work. The foot of the animal was drawn up with a rope, which was fastened to a beam ; an assistant steadied the leg, while 'the boss' cut out the centre of the foot. The blood flowed freely, and he was several times thrown down and against the side of the barn. He informed me that it was a very laborious practice, but that he was determined to 'kill or cure.' I could not doubt it.

I concluded not to follow in the footsteps of *that* practitioner : went home and procured 'Youatt : ' found a remedy, and applied it with success. Subsequently I learned that the foot-operator had drawn out half his dairy into the woods, and finished the business by applying a smart stroke of the axe to the head of each animal.

My cows became much weakened by the disease. We kept the valetudinarians in the barn; and I here first learned the art of lifting an animal in feeble health. My man and I performed that pleasing operation twice a day for some weeks. Gave orders to the attendants on no account to let their patients leave the barn. I came home from the village one warm, sunny day, just as the ground was breaking up, and found three of those in ill-health — out and down. My man was exerting all his strength at the extremity of an animal: he 'could n't come it,' he said: I gave him my assistance: *we* 'could n't make a raise.' I *think* I swore 'somedele,' but I won't be certain.

— 'words well dispost,

Have secrete poure t' appease inflaméd rage.'

Went into the house: wife and girl proposed to help. We raised the animal and stabled her: commenced at the second, and became excited: was not noticing any thing about, and had got her half-way up, when I heard a shout of laughter. My friend the Colonel, with a whole bevy of ladies from the village, were surveying the operation from their carriage. He was anxious to learn how we liked farming; had come up to make a call, and see how we were getting along. *That* cow was dropped on the spot; and I told my man to hunt up a couple of fellows and get the animals out of sight, and 'hereafter to obey orders.'

This spring, horses were high: I had used through the winter a pair which a gentleman from the village had wished me to take for their keeping. It was May, and he wanted the animals. Went about the country and endeavored to get a team. Horses were often brought to me for sale, but they ranged too high for *my* purse. One day two men came with a pair: price two hundred and fifty dollars; they were good-sized animals, and tolerably well matched. I rather liked their appearance: thought I would purchase: drove them round the lawn and put them before a loaded wagon: they moved it easily; were only seven years old, and seemed kind and gentle. I was not aware *then* that horses in this region never get beyond seven years of age.

I noticed a peculiarity about the mouth of one of the animals: 'What made that horse's mouth look so?' 'Which horse? *where*? did n't see any thing.' We opened the mouth and found the lower jaw stunted; it had stopped growing after getting half the length of its mate. The man thought it *did* look a little singular, but never thought of it before. The other man said '*that* was nothing;' it was 'a *parrot-mouth*:' quite common in the country, and was sign of a tough beast; did n't hurt the animal at all, and would never be noticed.' I examined the limbs of both, and made an offer. That team was purchased 'at a bargain' for two hundred and forty dollars, cash in hand.

I had a rare time with those colts. Poor old fellows! what quantities of air they used: how they labored with the atmosphere: what blasts they blew from their smoking nostrils!

Parrot was a mighty dainty eater of grass; I often saw him down on his knees taking his meals, after he was turned out to pasture. The Colonel called him the 'pious horse;' but he grew thinner, and thinner; and I was forced to keep him in the stable, on oats and soft mash.

It was the tenth of May: for the last week there had been frequent showers. The sun came out warm, and the great snow-banks of the week before were all gone. Vegetation began to shoot up vigorously; trees were putting forth their leaves; while the robin, the oriole, and phœbe-bird were busy building their nests in the branches, and filling the air with melody.

Our cows were turned out to pasture: they were now perfectly healthy, and in tolerable condition, but gave very little milk. We expected, however, from the change of food, to have a tremendous increase, and then cheese-making would commence. Parrot and his mate were harnessed and attached to one of Mason's best ploughs, and brought round to the garden; and I for the first time really took hold of the handles of that implement with the full determination not to look back; for the spring had opened and farm-work was now to commence in earnest.

And this is the way I commenced farming.

THE MAID OF THE CEDAR.

As bright as Aurora when, sparkling with dew,
The roseate Hours from the Orient lead her,
Or the queen of the host in the astral review,
Is the maiden who blooms on the banks of the Cedar.

Her steps are as light as the steps of the fawn,
As it brushes the dew from the lips of the daisies;
And her thoughts are as pure as the argents of dawn,
When, fresh with its splendor, the mountain-top blazes.

Her cheeks are as red as the daughters of June;
Her eyes, like the dove's, are with innocence beaming;
And her breath is as sweet as the cedars in bloom,
Or the meadows with tulips and butter-cups teeming.

Her voice is as soft as the thrush's refrain;
The songsters of Love and of Truthfulness feed her:
At home with the flowers and the queen of the train,
Is the maiden that blooms on the banks of the Cedar.

Dubuque, (Iowa,) March, 1860.

J. C.

LOVE'S RETRIBUTION.

I.

In her boudoir proudly musing, DORA's lip was curled in scorn,
For the lover lately suing, from her door-way now had gone;
He had brought a costly present, purchased in no earthly mart,
At her feet he humbly laid it — a warm, throbbing, human heart:
Many precious things within it had been treasured up with care.
Would she take it or reject it? Untold wealth was centred there.

II.

'T was a gift of priceless value, for within it were enshrined
Tender memories fondly cherished, dawning hopes yet undefined;
Noble, high-born aspirations, stern resolves to do and dare;
In the great life-battle truly he will take no coward's share:
Graven on the inmost portals was the name he loved the best —
Hope and Memory sang it ever, lulling present toils to rest.

III.

At her feet he humbly laid it, that warm, throbbing, human heart,
Thence he raised it, sorely bleeding: were the wounds from foeman's dart?
Oh! how bravely had he borne them — but from one whose love he craved
With such longing that to win it fiercest dangers would be braved.
It was hard to bear that scorning, it was sad to feel that gaze
Withering all the hopes within him, garnered up through happier days!

IV.

So in bitterness they parted, so in grief he turned away,
All his heart-wealth gone forever, turned to face the stern to-day;
From the dream-loom of the future he must tear one golden thread,
Intertwined through all the texture. Now, how colorless and dead
Seems its dimmed and tarnished glory; while the music of the past
Haunts his soul with mocking whispers: he will conquer them — at last!

V.

In her boudoir calmly musing, DORA's lip may curl in pride,
From the homage lately proffered, she may turn her thoughts aside.
Love will have its retribution: there will come to her an hour
When a presence now undreamed of o'er her spirit shall have power;
When a foot-fall on the carpet, or a shadow in the street,
Or a mere word lightly spoken, shall awake heart-echoes sweet.

VI.

Love will have its retribution, and the gift she hath despised,
In the dim unknown hereafter, shall be truly known and prized;
For the step for which she listens, carelessly shall pass her by,
And the voice whose music soothes her with its far-off melody,
Breathes fond words elsewhere. Her idol shall be utterly destroyed,
And Love, the stern iconoclast, will leave the heart-niche void!

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

TREASON OF CHARLES LEE: Major-General, Second in Command of the American Army of the Revolution. By GEORGE H. MOORE, Librarian of the New-York Historical Society. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER, Number 124 Grand-street.

UNTIL we had read WASHINGTON IRVING's Life of WASHINGTON, we had derived from the contemporaneous history of this period of our Revolution no adequate conception of the true character of Major-General CHARLES LEE. And even in IRVING's work, it was the force of the *facts* recorded, rather than in any comment upon the same, which gave us the clue to the motives and the aspirations of the sly, treacherous, and therefore most dangerous arch-traitor. Whoso looks upon any picture of 'WASHINGTON Crossing the Delaware,' or the 'Battle of Trenton' or 'Princeton,' should never dissociate from his mind that '*forlorn hope*,' Major-General LEE; loitering in the back-ground, skulking from duty on the basest of subterfuges, and maligning in private letters, written in the height of the great emergency, his patriot CHIEF, who was vainly laboring to bring himself and the troops under his command, to the GENERAL's support, in his imminent peril.

Mr. MOORE, fully competent to his task, has set 'Major-General LEE,' in this unpretending volume, upon a pedestal of infamy, which will make of him an 'example' at least, if not a 'warning.' His essay, which we remember was read by himself before the New-York Historical Society, some few months ago, presents to the world, for the first time, the positive proofs of the treason of General LEE; and fully indicates their relation to the history of the American Revolution. *Fac-similes* are given of the original 'Plan of Treason;' and, for the purpose of comparison, of the letter to General GATES, written by General LEE just before his capture. The first is the document which suggested the important volume before us. 'Its authenticity,' remarks the writer, 'will bear the most thorough investigation.' When it was first brought to him, he informs us, he was not allowed to examine it any farther than was necessary to satisfy himself of its genuineness, 'by those tests with which all scholars are familiar;' a restriction to which he submitted upon the undoubted assurance that the same conditions had been and would be imposed upon every one to whom it had been or would be shown. He purchased the manuscripts a few days afterward, and found himself 'in sole possession of papers of the most startling character; a perfect key to some of the strangest secrets of the Revolution.'

There are two portraits of 'Major-General LEE,' accompanying the volume. The first, which fronts the title-page, a full-blown face, sufficiently pompous and pretentious in aspect and *pose*, appeared in IRVING'S *LIFE OF WASHINGTON*: the second, as 'a study,' would have been a treasure to GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. It is the 'Goddestverzaken' face and figure, to adopt an expressive German phrase, that we ever looked upon. We welcomed it with a guffaw which awoke the echoes of the sanctum, the very first time we saw it; and we have never glanced at it since, with the 'little folk' looking over our shoulder, pointing out concealed graces of outline, without renewing our delectation. It is a caricature, of course, yet so admirably drawn, (by an Englishman 'of great taste in painting, and all the liberal arts,') that it 'was allowed, by all who knew General LEE to be the only successful delineation, either of his countenance or his person.' He looks 'fit for treason, stratagem, and spoils,' if his legs will only support him long enough to commit the 'overt acts.' This portrait alone should create an 'artistic' demand for Mr. MOORE'S extremely interesting and admirably-executed volume.

THE DOOMED CHIEF: OR, TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO. By the Author of 'The Green Mountain Boys.' Philadelphia: J. W. BRADLEY.

THE latest of Judge THOMPSON'S works, 'The Doomed Chief,' is one of his most valuable contributions to the literature of the State and Country. It is of great historical interest, and brings together in the attractive guise of a story, written in his peculiar and acceptable vein, the diffused and scattered materials, not accessible to every one, so as to convey a just idea, and 'hold the mirror up to nature,' as displayed in those rough times. The title of the book, 'The Doomed Chief,' smacks too much of the flash style, for the sober and well-wrought tale, and, as we are informed, is not the author's own choice, but a concession. It should have been KING PHILIP, for by that English name the high-souled Indian Chief is best known to us. There are two styles of novel-writing which present peculiar hardships to those who essay therein. The first is the Historical, in which the difficulty is to make the characters stalk out so boldly as to develop the history of the times, and the spirit of the age, without the aid of intervening labored essay and explanation; for in a novel, the plot and characters are the main thing. The action must be stirring, and progress continually with livelier and intenser interest; the historical materials must not be huddled together in separate places, but dexterously interwoven; and the reader must unconsciously absorb a knowledge of the real and true, while hurried along by the interest of that which is only fiction. The other style, which we shall name, affords more resistance still to the conscientious writer, and although much in vogue at this day, we rather decry it, and would prefer to see efforts of this kind expended on the pamphlet. It consists in trying to set forth, not any general moral lesson, but some favorite religious or political idea or theory, the beauties of some particular civil or religious system, or showing some rampant abuses

which ought to be mended, such, for instance, as in the prison discipline. We never yet had the patience to take up any set of tales designed to illustrate the passions, as Love, Hatred, Revenge, etc. We want something purely natural, and all else must be subordinate to the plot.

The present is a very valuable historical novel, (as we think, the highest kind of fiction,) and although in some places a little retarded for less intelligent readers, yet the disquisitions of the author will be highly appreciated by those of another class, while the interest is abundant for all who are not cloyed by meretricious trifles; and altogether, we have a well-wrought work, which will add largely to his reputation. The assault of the Indian fortress in the swamp, for vivid interest and description, will rank with any thing which we know of in the pages of romantic fiction. The characters are fully and truthfully drawn, so as in nothing 'to extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.' The heroic quality of the Indian, contrasted with the shameful rapacity of the pale-faced men, the stern-visaged Puritan, the dashing Cavalier, are set forth to the satisfaction of all unprejudiced minds.

Judge THOMPSON, himself a Puritan, and, we believe, in the main agreeing with the Puritans in his religious and political opinions, appreciates the Puritan character well, not only in its robustness and solemn grandeur, but in its manifest defects and excrescent probulgences. Our author has so mastered the errors of the worthy Puritans, as to set their virtues in the more relief, and thus steered clear of all difficulties. We wholly deny that the defects of the Puritans were better than the royalist virtues. Extravagant rhetorical flourishes of this kind we do not appreciate. Defects of any kind never can be better than other people's virtues. And we also deny that it is in bad taste to set forth these defects in historical portraiture. Sir WALTER SCOTT has done it, and acceptably too. When a painter is going to sketch a magnificent oak, if he takes an axe beforehand and chips it down to what he would have it, cuts off all the unsightly knots, gnarled and crooked limbs, and excrescences, makes a smooth trunk and well-rounded crown, and reduces it to the aspect of a tame maple, he not only destroys the picturesque character of the tree, but presents a picture which is untrue. He must paint the tree as it is, and however gloomy, the *shadow* with it, in a howling, social wilderness.

Judge THOMPSON, if we interpret the tenor of his works rightly, has never had a disposition to belie the best features of Puritan character, but on the contrary, with a just pride has delineated their love of liberty, their strong attachment to religious principle, their sturdy and self-denying conduct, and whatever heroic traits they have exhibited in times which 'tried men's souls.' American as we are in feelings, we should be far from finding fault with him, because he has exposed the fraud, injustice, and violence to Indian tribes, which may be laid against us, as a national sin, and which, in some way or other, will bring with it a national punishment. He writes with great care and discrimination. He does not begin until he has mastered the subject, and fully gone over the historical ground upon which his personages are to tread. There is nothing slipshod in his work, yet he is sometimes even too elaborate. He manifests a warm affection for all which belongs to his native soil, as Scott loved the heather. His

vocation as a historical novelist, we think was fully fixed and decided on the publication of the 'Green Mountain Boys,' and we trust that he will yet be enabled to enrich our national literature with many contributions, not only those of fiction, over which we all delight to linger, but what is more important still, those of sober history.

POEMS: BY HENRY HARBAUGH: Author of 'The Sainted Dead,' 'Heavenly Recognition,' 'Heavenly Home,' 'Birds of the Bible,' etc. etc. etc. Philadelphia: LINDSAY AND BLAKISTON.

WE think our old friend, the editor of the 'Bunkum Flag-Staff,' would object to the last-named 'work,' above indicated: the '*Bards of the Bible*,' by windy GILFILLAN, were bad enough; but the '*Birds of the Bible*' are 'a touch beyond him.' However, it may be assumed, we dare say, that all the 'works' named in the above heading, were communications to some weekly newspaper: for in such ways do poetasters now-a-days establish a reputation for 'authorship.'

But let us do our poet no injustice. What he has done for himself in the volume before us, we will proceed at once to do for him in the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER. In his book, he has of course 'put his best foot foremost:' he steps forth below in like manner — 'weaving the lofty rhyme' of '*The Mystic Weaver*:'

'At his loom the weaver sitting
Throws his shuttle to-and-fro:
Foot and treadle,
Hands and pedal,
Upward, downward,
Hither, thither,
How the weaver makes them go!
As the weaver wills, they go.
Up and down the warp is plying,
And across the woof is flying;
What a rattling,
What a battling,
What a shuffling,
What a scuffling,
As the weaver makes his shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.
Threads in single,
Threads in double;
How they mingle,
What a trouble!
Every color —
What profusion!
Every motion —
What confusion!
Whilst the warp and woof are mingling,
Signal bells above are jingling,
Telling how each figure ranges,
Telling when the color changes,
As the weaver makes his shuttle
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

'At his loom the weaver sitting
Throws his shuttle to-and-fro;
'Mid the noise and wild confusion,
Well the weaver seems to know,
As he makes his shuttle go,

What each motion,
And commotion,
What each fusion,
And confusion,
In the grand result will show:
Weaving daily,
Singing gayly,
As he makes his busy shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

'At his loom the weaver sitting
Throws his shuttle to-and-fro;
See you not how shape and order
From the wild confusion grow,
As he makes his shuttle go?
As the warp and woof diminish,
Grows behind the beauteous finish:
Tufted plaidings,
Shapes and shadings;
All the mystery
Now is history;
And we see the reason subtle
Why the weaver makes his shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

'See the MYSTIC WEAVER sitting
High in heaven — His loom below.
Up and down the treadles go:
Takes for warp the world's long ages,
Takes for woof its kings and sages,
Takes the nobles and their pages,
Takes all stations and all stages,
Thrones are bobbins in His shuttle;
Armies make them scud and scuttle.
Woof into the warp must flow:

Up and down the nations go;
As the WEAVER wills they go.

Men are sparring,
Powers are jarring,
Upward, downward,
Hither, thither,

See how strange the nations go,
Just like puppets in a show.
Up and down the warp is plying,
And across the woof is flying,

What a rattling,
What a battling,
What a shuffling,
What a scuffling,

As the WEAVER makes His shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

'Calmly see the MYSTIC WEAVER
Throw His shuttle to-and-fro;
'Mid the noise and wild confusion,
Well the WEAVER seems to know

What each motion,
And commotion,
What each fusion,
And confusion,

In the grand result will show,
As the nations,
Kings and stations,
Upward, downward,
Hither, thither,

As in mystic dances, go.
In the present all is mystery;
In the Past 't is beauteous History.
O'er the mixing and the mingling,
How the signal bells are jingling!

See you not the WEAVER leaving
Finished work behind in weaving?
See you not the reason subtle,
As the warp and woof diminish,
Changing into beauteous finish:
Why the WEAVER makes His shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle?

'Glorious wonder! What a weaving!
To the dull beyond believing!

Such no fabled ages know.
Only faith can see the mystery,
How, along the aisle of History

Where the feet of sages go,
Loveliest to the purest eyes,
Grand the mystic tapet lies!
Soft and smooth and even-spreading,
As if made for angels' treading;
Tufted circles touching ever,
Inwrought beauties fading never;
Every figure has its plaidings,
Brighter form and softer shadings;
Each illumined — what a riddle! —
From a Cross that gems the middle.

'T is a saying — some reject it —
That its light is all reflected;
That the tapet's hues are given
By a Sun that shines in Heaven!
'T is believed, by all believing,
That great God Himself is weaving!
Bringing out the world's dark mystery
In the light of faith and History;
And as warp and woof diminish
Comes the grand and glorious finish —
When begin the golden ages,
Long foretold by seers and sages.'

That there could be found a person to put down with pen and ink upon a sheet of 'fools-cap' such 'poetry' as this, it is hardly possible to conceive: but how even *such* a person could send it to a printer, have it 'entyped,' read it afterward *himself*, and then publish it to the world, passes our comprehension entirely. After all, this volume could not have been written upon 'fools-cap:' it must have been 'engrossed' by a little man, in a little room, with a little pen, and little ink, on a little piece of paper.

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D., late Head-Master of Rugby School, etc. By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, A.M. In two volumes. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

THE author of these two volumes, in an exceedingly labored and verbose preface, in which himself, more than his eminent subject, is treated of, tells us that the work has been drawn from various sources: that the 'Correspondence' which it contains has been selected from the mass of letters preserved, in many cases from first to last; giving in his own words, and in his own manner, what he thought and felt on the subjects of most interest to him. 'The object of the narrative,' says the author, 'has been to state so much as would enable the reader to enter upon the 'Letters' with a correct understanding of their writer in his different periods of life, and his different sphere of action.' Mr. ARNOLD's opinions and plans are given in his own words: and in no case, whether speaking of what he did, or intended to do, from mere conjecture of the editor.

LIFE IN SPAIN: PAST AND PRESENT. By WALTER THORNBURY. In one Volume: pp. 388. With Illustrations. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE 'illustrations' of this volume are so small, so 'few and far between,' that they might have been omitted altogether, without detriment to the work; nor do they deserve citation in the title-page. The book itself, however, is light, lively, and gossiping, and altogether very agreeably written. The author 'skims the superficies' pleasantly, and his style is utterly without pretension. He was, as we learn from the London journals, for several years, the art-critic of the London '*Athenæum*;' but the declining circulation and evanishing influence of that meanest, most unscrupulous, yet most pretentious sheet, led to his withdrawal from its columns some months since. Speaking naturally enough, considering his *specialité*, he observes artistically in his preface, that he has taken some care in drawing and paid some attention to detail: 'I tried on the spot for local color and vividness, where vividness could be given without hazarding truth. My notes were taken on cigarette paper, and written with ink made of orange-juice and Spanish liquorice.' There is not in the entire volume a better illustration of Mr. THORNBURY's sketchy manner, than in his very opening chapter, wherein he draws 'companion-pictures' of two steamer-captains:

'I WENT out to the Mediterranean in the *Negus*. I came home in the *Oporto*. They were both steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company.

'Nothing could be more distinct than the *Negus* and *Oporto* captains. One was a dandy captain; the other an old salt captain. BLOWHARD I found the sailors called the latter, because he liked rough weather, and was always in highest spirits when the wind was highest. If a hurricane rose and grappled with the ship like a wrestling devil with a praying Puritan, then he was calm, sturdy, and unflinching—ready for any thing. Risen from a common sailor, JOLLY (*alias*) BLOWHARD had been pitching and tossing all over the world. His complexion was chocolate-color, and the whites of his eyes were coffee-color. What in other men looked like wet white porcelain, was in him of a rich brown, partly owing to repeated yellow fevers, partly owing to malaria attacks on the coast of Africa. But, in spite of his eyes, and short, squat figure, Captain JOLLY was a real honest sailor; punctiliously cautious of his ship's safety, and sparing no pains nor anxiety to insure us a quick voyage. In all weathers he was upon the paddle-box bridge, glass in hand, looking out for pilots, or the mouths of rivers, or shore, of something; never down to dinner with us, if the navigation was at all risky.

'Of the dandy captain of the *Negus* I cannot say so much. He was too smart in his dress for rough weather, too bright and unimpeachable in his shining French-polished boots; always wearing tight kid gloves; always tripping about like a dancing-master, and flirting with the ladies, old or young; much too dapper, spruce, and *débonnaire* for real use and honest rough weather; too cultivated of taste, and voice, and manner to be much trusted in danger; more fit, I thought, for sunshine than storm. I never could fancy the dandy captain on a raft, or handling nasty tarred ropes, or raising blisters on his white hands by cutting away a broken mast, or surrendering his white cambric to tie it up aloft for a signal, or sweating at an oar, or pulling at any thing, or hauling any thing. He was much too clean and

gentleman-like, was the dandy captain. But I may have done him wrong, and he may rise to his real stature, and swell out to a perfect NEPTUNE in a storm. Still, I must confess I would rather face a gale with old BLOWHARD of the Oporto, than with TRIPPER, the dandy captain of the Negus.

'Well, with one I saw Cape Finisterre, through a glass darkly, and with the other the memorable Cape Trafalgar, in the broad, open, blessed sunlight that capped its undulating brown cliff as we steamed on over the dead hosts that lie below the waves. It was as we steered thoughtfully past that glorious cape that BLOWHARD told me how, off Tarifa, he had helped to lower DAVID WILKIE, the painter, into his deep blue undug grave. From this time I began to look with veneration on BLOWHARD as an historical personage.'

One thing may be safely promised to the reader of this volume: if he is bored at all, he will not be bored *long*. 'Change is written' upon every half-page of its contents.

LIFE AND TIMES OF GENERAL SAM. DALE, the Mississippi Partisan. By J. F. H. CLAIBORNE. Illustrated by JOHN MCLENAN. New-York: BROTHERS HARPER.

WE like to read of these western frontier men, in our country's history. When four years ago, on an exceedingly hot summer's morning, we were 'transported' over the Ohio River, from the town of Portsmouth, to the Kentucky side of the beautiful stream, ascended toilsomely a conspicuous eminence fronting the city, and for the first time looked abroad upon *Kentucky*, that gallant State, the State of HENRY CLAY, we thought of DANIEL BOONE, and the untrodden wildernesses with which his wandering feet were familiar: and a crowd of thoughts touching the changes which TIME had seen and wrought since his day, almost overwhelmed us. Of such a man is the very interesting biography before us: a fair exemplar of the genuine frontier patriot; modest, truthful, patient, frugal, imbued with religious faith, proud of his country, remorseless in battle yet prompt to forgive, and ever ready to jeopardize his own safety for the helpless and the oppressed; a race of men such as no other country has produced; *wholly American*: a feature as prominent in our social and political history as the grand physical characteristics peculiar to this continent. Gen. SAM. DALE was a man of the same character and stamp, in a military point of view, as MARION and SUMPTER: 'a man who took his initial lesson in frontier warfare, by encountering two stalwart Indians single-handed, while yet a mere child, killing one with a holster pistol, loaded with buck-shot, and playing the 'squirrel-game' of dodging around a tree to avoid the shot of the other, until assistance should arrive!' DALE's character, as displayed in the book before us, is comprehensively stated by the author. He was a man of singular modesty, silent and reserved, who but rarely alluded to his own adventures. He was a man of truth, and possessed the entire confidence and warm esteem of many eminent persons. While he was certainly an uneducated, he was very far from being an ignorant man; a close observer of men and things, with a clear head, a tenacious memory, and always fond of the society of educated men. The sketch of the celebrated 'Creek

War' of 1813 and 1814, is confined to the events with which General DALE was himself concerned: but our author tells us that he has in preparation a work which will give a comprehensive view of the stirring campaigns of that era, embodying personal sketches of the prominent men engaged in the same; the whole to be faithfully compiled from the private journals and correspondence of several distinguished officers. Such a work certainly 'promises' well, and we shall hail its advent with pleasure. In closing this brief notice, we desire to pay an especial tribute to JOHN MCLENAN, who furnishes the illustrations; *an artist*, modest as he is gifted, who is weekly and monthly exhibiting powers which would have made his fortune in '*Punch*,' and which we hope is contributing toward that end, in a neighboring street, where the BROTHERS HARPER have a printing-office second only to our publisher's, whom they are striving to emulate, in the number of their power-presses, and the amount of their issues.

EDGAR A. POE AND HIS CRITICS. By SARAH HELEN WHITMAN. In one Volume. New-York: RUDD AND CARLTON.

THE opinions of this Magazine, as touching the unhappy subject of the volume before us, his personal character, and his intellectual gifts, were frankly and conscientiously recorded in these pages several years ago. It would give us pleasure to add, that Mr. POE's biographers had since given us occasion to change them. In reference to MRS. WHITMAN's volume, we content ourselves for the present with citing the judicious remarks regarding it, of two able contemporary journals, the one religious, the other secular, the editors of both of which have evidently approached the work in no unkind or querulous spirit. The '*Methodist Protestant*,' published in Baltimore, where POE was even better known than in our own metropolis, furnishes the first extract: the second is in the '*Gossip*:'

'We were glad to learn that a friend of POE, and that friend a talented woman, had assumed to defend his character from the accusations with which for ten years it has been associated. We opened the book eagerly, and read it at a single sitting. Alas! we were disappointed—sadly disappointed. It is a well-meant effort; but it will not do much more than awaken pity for the infatuated man, in whose behalf pity is thus solicited. It contradicts successfully a few of the more reckless assertions of some of POE's critics, but it does not wipe out the inconsistencies and dishonorable records in the biography of Dr. GRISWOLD. It magnifies POE's wonderful genius; exhibits pictures of his singular brilliance in conversation; impresses the reader with a high sense of his exquisite sensitiveness to the beautiful, and his strange magnetic power over minds of kindred tendency; but it does not explain nor satisfactorily account for, his insensibility to moral principle, his utter disregard of truth, his ingratitude to friends, his petty revenges upon literary opponents, his impositions, private and public; in short, it leaves EDGAR ALLAN POE very much where it found him. After reading it, we turned to Dr. GRISWOLD's memoir, and for the first time were able to peruse it without impatience and a sense of wrong to its subject. MRS. WHITMAN's book will not change the public estimate of the singularly gifted man whose memory she desires to honor. We feel sad and disappointed that more cannot be said in vindication of the wayward career of this singular child of genius.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL HISTORICAL NARRATIVE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE: NUMBER TWELVE. — Soon after WASHINGTON IRVING had furnished his first 'Crayon Paper' to the KNICKERBOCKER, in his already-quoted beautiful and characteristic epistle to the EDITOR, he sent us a communication from a friend, who had submitted it to him for perusal, and if he should deem it worthy, to be forwarded to us, with a line from himself, expressing his opinion as to its 'adaptedness' to our pages. Mr. IRVING sent the manuscript to us, with a most cordial letter, on behalf of his friend the writer: wherein he stated that the author was 'a man of elegant tastes, choice belles-lettres acquisition, keen observation, and a refinement as uniform as it was admirable.' The communication referred to, was without any distinctive title, which it was left by the writer for his friend Mr. IRVING to furnish. The story was sent to us, however, without a heading; but with a request that we should 'suggest something which might be appropriate to the subject-spiritual' of the narrative. In returning the proof-sheet to Mr. IRVING, to be forwarded to the author, we marked in pencil upon the margin, '*The Wooden-Legged Ghost*,' a most *material* designation, certainly, but the best which we could think of at the moment. This same '*Wooden-Legged Ghost*' came back to us as

'*The Iron Footstep*:'

a title supplied by Mr. IRVING, and which was most acceptable to the writer, as he indicated upon the proof-sheet which was returned to the office. Let us hope that he never saw *our* title; although it was suggested in a quandary, and more in jest than in earnest.

Be that as it may: this was the first of the many communications which we afterward received from a very frequent and always cordially-welcomed correspondent of the KNICKERBOCKER; the late HENRY CARY, Esq., under the *nom de plume* of 'JOHN WATERS.'

And before farther adverting to the initial paper of this favorite correspondent of our Magazine, at the period to which we have alluded, let us say a few words touching the 'Individual Man,' and his marked characteristics, as a friend of long standing and tried worth, and as a writer of preëminent distinction in his peculiar 'walk' of literature.

'JOHN WATERS' was the literary name of HENRY CARY, Esq., formerly an eminent merchant of our city, in which he had grown up, 'man and boy,' some forty years. At the time of his introduction to the KNICKERBOCKER, he was the President of the 'Phoenix Bank,' of which he was afterward, after an extended interval, the '*acting* President,' under, or during the absence of, Mr. TILESTON, who was President 'proper.' He was, as we have been given to know, by those whose financial judgment is regarded as 'final' in such matters, a most accomplished man of business; prompt, methodical, and accurate, 'to the tenth splitting of a hair.' His literary reading had been of the selectest kind; his love and appreciation of the fine arts proverbial; and his refinement of taste in *all* matters, (not by any means excluding the æsthetics of the table,) were readily admitted by the distinguished and congenial circle of friends whom he had the 'nameless charm' to gather around him. He was for a considerable period, even while engaged in the active every-day business of life, a frequent and ever an attractive contributor to the columns of the old '*New-York American*,' under the capable editorial supervision of CHARLES KING, Esq., now the venerable and venerated President of Columbia College; an institution, let us say in passing, into which his administration has infused new life and vigor.

JOHN WATERS' motto was, that 'any thing which was worth doing *at all*, was worth *doing well*.' He acted upon this principle in every thing, even the smallest. His manuscripts, which came to us ribbon-stitched, upon the finest note-paper, were a miracle of neatness; his choice of the words and sentences which 'informed' them internally with life and beauty, were of course still more carefully chosen: and who that ever sat at his hospitable board, surrounded by his selectest friends, but must bear witness to the incomparable flavor, the exquisite *gout*, and quiet, elegant service, of the rare viands and wines which, as the very prince of hosts, he presented, as 'special bounties of a kind PROVIDENCE,' for the due and temperate enjoyment of his always delighted guests? We mention these characteristics, as explanatory, in a good degree, of certain of the brief illustrative passages which it is our purpose to cite 'in this connection.' But let us get back to 'The Wooden-Legged Ghost,' or more poetical '*Iron Footstep*.' Our old friend and umqwhile correspondent, Hon. ROBERT DALE OWEN, has described, in his recent work, many a '*Foot-Fall upon the Boundary of another World*:' but none, we think, more remarkable than the one recorded by the late 'JOHN WATERS,' in his first communication to the KNICKERBOCKER, which we now proceed to consider.

The scene of this remarkable, this 'most astounding, most peculiar' ghost-story, is the island of Dominica: time, when the narrator's mother's 'old cap was new.' Briefly then, thus it was: a veteran Scottish regiment, during a season of great mortality, was stationed upon a high bluff of the island, overlooking the town and the harbor: inland, were several long one-story buildings, hastily erected of wood, for the accommodation of the officers of the corps, with three or four rooms on each end, opening upon a piazza toward the sea, and communicating with each other by means of a side-door, which was occasionally left open for the freer circulation of air:

'In one of these barracks were quartered three officers of the regiment, Major

HAMILTON, Captain GORDON, and a third whose name I cannot at this moment recall. Major HAMILTON's apartment was in the centre. He had lost a leg in the service, and usually wore a wooden pin, or stick, shod with iron; and being an alert man, fond of exercise, used to walk up and down this piazza for hours together, stopping occasionally at GORDON's door or window, and sometimes looking in at that of the other officer, exchanging a cheerful word with them as they sat each in his apartment, endeavoring to beguile the time with dressing, reading, writing, thoughts of promotion, of home, and of a speedy and happy return to Britain.

'The sound of the Major's step was peculiar. It was only the blow given by the iron ferule at the end of his wooden leg that was heard; for, although a stout man, he trod lightly with the remaining foot, and heavily only with the wooden substitute, which gave forth its note at short intervals, as he paced to-and-fro, so regularly, that there was a certain pleasure in listening to it.

'Sounds that strike the ear in this measured way, affect us more than others. The attention becomes engaged, and they grow emphatic as we listen. The calker's hammer-stroke, as it flies from the dock-yard of the busy port, across some placid bay, into the green and peaceful country, is an instance of this truth: associated with this measured movement of the Major, was his deep cheery voice, that made light of danger and difficulty; whether on the field of battle, or as now amid the sickness, which, in mockery of the beauty of tropical skies and scenery, was devastating the colony at this melancholy period.'

This sickness proves fatal to several officers of the regiment; and after some time, Major HAMILTON is taken down with it. He expired the seventh day after he was seized, wild with fever and delirium, while endeavoring to speak to his friend Captain GORDON. He was buried under arms at sunset of the same day. What ensues is so effectively narrated, that it is enough to 'thick man's blood with cold.'

'Now it was on the second night after this mournful event, that GORDON, having retired to bed rather later than usual, found himself unexpectedly awake. He was not conscious of any distressing thought or dream, which should have occasioned this shortened slumber, and as he commonly made but one nap of the night, and his rest had been latterly broken by the kind offices he had rendered his comrade, he was half-surprised at finding himself awake. He touched his repeater, and found it only past one o'clock. He turned on the other side, and composed himself afresh. Thoughts of his friend came over his heart, as his cheek reached the pillow, and he said: 'Poor HAMILTON! Well, God have mercy upon us!'

'He felt at the moment that some one near him said 'Amen!' with much solemnity. He was effectually roused, and asked, 'Who is there?'

'There was no reply. His voice seemed to echo into HAMILTON's late apartment, and he then remembered that the door was open that communicated between the two rooms. He listened intently, but heard nothing save the beating of his own heart. He said to himself, 'It is all mere imagination,' and again endeavored to compose himself, and think of something else. He laid his head once more upon the pillow, and then he distinctly heard, for the first time, the Major's well-known step. It was not a matter to be mistaken about. The ferule sound, the pause for the foot, the sound again, measured in its return, as if all were again in life. He heard it first upon the piazza, heard it approach, pass through the door from the piazza into the centre apartment, and there it seemed to pause; as if the figure of

the departed were standing on the other side of that open door, in the room it had so lately occupied.

'GORDON rose. He went to the window that opened upon the piazza, and looked out. The night was very beautiful; the moon had gone down; the sky was of the deepest azure, and the low dash of the waves upon the rocks at the foot of the bluff was the only thing that engaged his notice, except the extreme brightness and lucidity of a solitary star, that traced its glittering pathway of light toward him, across the distant waters of the ocean. All else was still and reposeful. 'It is very remarkable!' said he; 'I could have sworn I heard it!' He turned toward the door that stood open between the two rooms. The Major's apartment was darkened by the shutters being closed, and he could distinguish nothing inside it. He wished the door were shut, but felt a repugnance at the idea of closing it; and while he stood gazing into the dark room, the thought of being in the presence of a disembodied spirit rose in his mind; and though a brave man, he could not immediately control the bristling sensation of terror that began to possess him. He longed for the voice of any living being; and though for a moment the idea of ridicule deterred him, he determined on calling up the officer who occupied the other apartment.

'He passed out on to the piazza, and as he approached the other extremity of the building, the sentinel on duty perceiving him, presented arms.

'Have you been long stationed here?' said Captain GORDON.

'Half-an-hour,' was the reply.

'Did you — did you happen to see any one on the piazza during that time?'

'I did not.'

'GORDON returned at once to his room, vexed with himself for having been the sport of an illusion of his own brain. He closed his door and window, and went to bed.'

He is now thoroughly awake, and has regained, as he thinks, entire possession of his faculties. 'My old comrade,' he said to himself, 'what could he possibly want of me? We were always friends: why should I have dreaded to meet him; even if such an event could possibly be?' A moment or two after these thoughts had passed through his mind, however, he was almost paralyzed with dread by the recurrence of the same well-known step, that now seemed pacing the dark and tenantless apartment! Appalled at the sound, he exclaims:

'In the name of God, HAMILTON, is that you?'

'A voice from the threshold of the communicating door addressed him in tones that sank deeply into his soul:

'GORDON, listen, but do not speak to me. In ten days you will apply for a furlough; it will not be granted to you. You will renew the application in three weeks, and then it will be successful. Stay no longer in Scotland than may be necessary for the adjustment of your affairs. Go to London. Take lodgings at No. —, Jermyn-street. You will be shown into an apartment looking into a garden. Remove the panel from above the chimney-piece, and you will there find papers which establish the fact of my marriage, and will give you the address of my wife and son. Hasten, for they are in deep distress, and these papers will establish their rights. Do not forget me!'

'Captain GORDON did not recollect how long he remained in the posture in which he had listened to the spirit of his departed friend; but when he arose it was broad

day. He dressed himself and went to town; drew up a statement of the affair, and authenticated it by his oath. He had had no intention of quitting the colony during that year; but an arrival brought intelligence of the death of his father, and of his accession to a large estate. Within the ten days he applied for a furlough; but such had been the mortality among the officers, that the commanding officer thought proper to refuse his request. Another arrival having however brought to the island a reinforcement for the garrison, he found the difficulty removed, upon a second application, in three weeks. He sailed for Scotland, arranged his affairs, and intended immediately afterward to have proceeded to London. He suffered, however, one agreeable engagement after another to retard his departure, and his friend's concerns, and the preternatural visit that he had received from him, were no longer impressed so vividly as at first upon his mind.

'One night, however, after a social party of pleasure, he awoke without apparent cause, as he had done on the eventful night in Dominica, and to his utter consternation, the sound of the Major's iron step filled his ears.

'He started from his bed immediately, rang up his servant, ordered post-horses, and lost not a moment upon the way, until he reached the house in Jermyn-street. He found the papers as he had expected. He relieved the widow and orphan of his unhappy friend, and established them as such in the inheritance to which they were entitled by his sudden death; and the story reaching the ears of royalty, the young HAMILTON was patronized by the Queen of England, and early obtained a commission in the army, to which he was attached, at the time this tale was told to me.

'It is also known that Captain Gordon rose very high in his military career, and was throughout his life distinguished as a brave and honorable officer, and a fortunate general.'

Now we always regarded this as one of the best (because least explainable) ghost-stories we ever heard. The rapping of that supernatural 'timber-leg' upon the barrack-stairs and floor, seems to us to out-do *spirit* rappings altogether! As a brief specimen of the still-life pen-painting of 'JOHN WATERS,' take this '*Sketch of a Snuff-Taker*,' a true 'Gentleman of the Old School':

'Now, in the left pocket of my friend's waistcoat was every morning placed a well-filled circular snuff-box, the cover of which was not attached to it by any hinge, but according to a fashion that prevailed before every thing was done in a hurry, was to be first looked at, slightly polished, perhaps, with the coat-sleeve, then gracefully lifted off, and folded under the bottom of the box, to be there held by the inferior fingers of the left hand, while the thumb and fore-finger of the right, in a luxurious and thoughtful leisure, smoothed and sifted over the surface of the fresh and aromatic mixture, powdering up some adhesive lump of particles that had raised an indecorous head above the mean elevation. Then followed the gathering; the heaping; the pinch; the motion that threw back the superfluous quantity; the replacing of the lid; the taste — quick, graceful, elegant, enjoyed by the heart, and by a nose that snuff could never mar; the sigh of pleasure; the eyes were then raised with a deep and refreshed lustre, and the mouth spake.

'During the time that was required for this manual of the box, some proposition had been well considered, canvassed, decided upon; and the answer, if unfavorable, had clothed itself with language that was least like a negative in its effects, and though determined, that never sounded like a repulse. Snuff frequently impairs the voice, but it never touched his organs, which it was like the gratification of

one's own lungs to hear; and the listener felt as if the rich tones came from his own chest, that had only been echoed there with a vibratory sympathy. So that snuff-taking, which is often half a vice in other men, shone in him like a virtue that had come 'one way o' the PLANTAGENETS.'

Much of the poetry contributed by 'JOHN WATERS' to the KNICKERBOCKER was of the highest order of merit. It was mainly of a religious and fervently devotional character: and several of the poems, especially those entitled '*The Pilgrim's Walk*,' '*The Heavenly Visitant*,' '*Nearer to Thee*,' '*John Waters, Hys Springe*,' and '*There Is, that can Part Not*,' were widely copied not only in religious, but in the secular journals. Perhaps we may advert hereafter to certain of these, when we devote an especial chapter to some of the more eminent poetical contributors, in past times, to this Magazine. Meantime, we invite attention to a few passages from an '*Anecdote of a Bottle of Wine*,' as especially indicative of the personal and literary characteristics to which we have adverted. They possess too a dry, quiet humor, which will not be lost upon the reader:

'I CONSIDER the wines of France to bear the same rank in comparison with those of other countries, that the highest order of lyrical effusion sustains in the world of poetry. Ordinary Rhenish wines are its satires and pasquinades; Port is didactic verse; while among the first growths of the Rheingau, of Madeira, and of Spain, are to be sought the SHAKESPEARES, the HOMERS, the MILTONS, VIRGILS and DANTES of the wine-crypt.

'It is in conformity with this poetical disposition of things, that, when I expect a visit from my friends, I descend into my wine-vault, or mount the stairs of my attic. There, with keys in hand, I unloose the spirits of the mighty past, and restore in their happiest temperament and condition, and to their bright and animated destiny, the effulgent glories of the grape.

'Among those few cobweb'd bottles that I have adverted to, upon that upper shelf, in that chamber closet, of that upper story, there might in those days have been discerned one that stood, like a star, APART; the treasured, cherished, garnered bottle that should upon some *alba dies* occasion grace our bachelor's repast. It was twin bottle to one that had been opened for us in that City of Refuge of good wines, Charleston, South-Carolina, in those days not less certainly than now, the abode of the hospitable, the accomplished, and the brave. Our host there had produced its fellow as a specimen that he was desirous his friends should appreciate. 'O STEPHANO! hast any more of this?'

'When I arrived in New-York after *ten* days and *ten* nights of continuous posting, (the distance is now accomplished I am told cleverly in *three*), the flavor of that wine still regaled my palate; there was a spiritual vineyard flourishing within my heart; the fragrant blossom, the young grape, the purple cluster, the yielding pressure, and the nectareous juice; the autumnal grape-leaf with its magic dyes, and all the long history of joy which it is given to one or two rare specimens of the wines of this life to impart to the spirit of man; to impress upon his nerves; and to be recalled in sensations that make glad the fountains of his heart, and dispense his affections among his fellow-men; all these were present to my senses, and delighted me with a varied, an intellectual, and constantly reviving joy. I had never known so perfect a beverage; and I wrote at once to my friend, offering him in exchange any description of wine that he could name to me, bottle for bottle.

'He returned for answer an expression of regret that one only bottle remained of the batch; and entreating my acceptance of what I prized so highly, sent it on without delay. This was that lonely bottle, that stood, in vague and uncertain light like a Hero of OSSIAN, upon that upper shelf, in that chamber closet, of that upper story. Often did I gaze upon it, often apostrophize it, praise it with a recollected gladness, remember its acquirement, delight in its possession, and wonder when the time might come, and when the friends, that should deserve the peerless, the incomparable offering.

'Upon a certain memorable day, and punctual to the moment, came a chosen party of my most honored and distinguished friends. The dinner was beyond praise, and all the appointments good. No crowd, no tumult, no excuse, no delay in serving, no vacant seat, no chair with small open hexagons of split rattan to disfigure the person of the guest for three successive days when the dress is thin, or to torture him when the weather is cold with pains which he is ashamed to complain of or even to mention — a practice, Mr. Editor and all who hear me, still obtaining in some houses in New-York, and at times, especially in winter, more abhorrent to the thoughts than is the martyrdom of St. LAWRENCE, since heat upon a gridiron is in many of its appliances preferable to cold upon sharp rattan. No; each guest had his cushioned chair, 'with ample room and verge enough;' and course after course, and wine after wine, appeared, and was enjoyed, discussed, and quietly disappeared, alike without want or waste.

'Well, the time of the repast came for my selected wines: they were all prepared, and all in the finest order and condition. The series was a perfect one; a veritable ladder of transport; up which the spirits of my guests ascended gracefully, step after step, as each higher and higher flavor presented itself to their gratified and entranced palate. At the last, sole remaining bottle of the list, came my Charleston acquisition. It is certainly in bad taste to expatiate upon one's wine from the chair, but as this was the only bottle of its kind in the world, it seemed necessary to introduce it with a word that should at least perform that ceremony.

'I told the story of its acquisition, and expressed the pleasure it gave me to present on this occasion the one remaining bottle of the world. We had been conversing a moment or two before, I remember, on the comparative advantages in drinking wine, between the *sip* and the *throw*, and had come to the conclusion, (which I think every man of sense must ultimately arrive at,) that the latter is the true way to enjoy the full *aroma* of the beverage, and at once to gain that gratifying descent, and that ascent to the wits; in short, that satisfying blessedness of taste, which the mere sipper of potations of whatever kind must vainly aspire to know.

'The bottle was uncorked, decanted, and the wine came forth, in the profound silence and expectation of the guests, bright as the beam of your mistress' eye! The attention of all present was so absorbed by their interest in this only bottle, that until every man's glass was filled, hardly a sound was perceptible except the gurgling of the long-necked decanter as it distributed its glorious contents and passed with wings from hand to hand around the board and returned drained to the head of the table. Toasts were at that time in vogue; and as soon as I had said, '*Our hospitable friend in South-Carolina, may his own last bottle reward him for the pleasure of this gift,*' each man did ample justice to the wine.

'How shall I recount the catastrophe that ensued! We are all sinful men born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, and it seemed as if the wine had also dealt ample and instant justice upon us! Every soul present was struck through the

heart and liver to the spine! All rose instantly from the table, speechless, aghast, and terrified with the effect! There was a napkin or handkerchief over the mouth of each, and if we could have articulated a word, we might have exclaimed with the sons of the prophets at the feast in Gilgal, 'O my Lord! there is death in the pot!'

'But it was impossible to relieve ourselves by words: it was literally in tears and groans that the guests made for the door, vanished from the room, escaped from the house, and left me, appalled, transfixed, incapable of utterance, standing at the head of my deserted table, and feeling that 'No man said, 'God bless him!''

'For a fortnight, three weeks, a month, no one of my guests had his mouth *right*! I was afraid to walk in the streets lest I should meet one of them; there was a paralytic stricture in the countenance of each member of that sad party; in some it wore an expostulatory, an admonitory, in some a remonstrant, and in all the looks of a *much injured person*. I must except one gentleman, whom however I did not get a glimpse of until six weeks had elapsed. He was a well-bred Frenchman, with all the suavity and grace of manner that belongs to his class and nation. I shall ever feel grateful to him for the first kind word I had received since the discomfiture; though I have sometimes had doubts, judging from the reinstated appearance of his lips, whether he had taken more than half a glass: 'My dear Sir,' said he, 'when I had the pleasure to dine with you at your very agreeable party, there was one wine that had flavor very exemplary, *ma foi*!' 'I acknowledge it,' I said. 'I think you did say it was American wine?' 'I did,' I replied. 'What is the name if you please, as I pay much attention to the *sujet* of wines?' I named it. 'Will you be so very kind as write it in my tablet?' I prepared to comply; and telling him that I was not quite certain of the correct orthography of the word, wrote in large characters, the word 'SCUPERNONG.'

We can hardly resist quoting in this connection, a single brief passage from '*The Old Inn at Nampthwich*,' a sketch taken at a retired country-inn, on a bright spring morning, in Old England. The whole is most forcibly illustrative of the close observation and refined appreciation of the writer:

'GENTLE reader, I will imagine thee for the first time seated near the small fire that has been kindled to remove the dampness, and air the parlor, in that charm of a traveller's life, an English Inn. No object about thee seems new, or of late acquisition. The furniture is any thing rather than of modern date: it has been thoroughly used and admirably kept; every thing is in its place, and speaks its welcome; nice, tidy, prepared, quiet, cheery, comfortable.

'The fragrant tea is of thine own mixture, two spoonful of black to one of green; the sugar is a study of refinement; and the table is furnished with fresh cream: one more glance at the '*Times*' newspaper, and every thing has been noiselessly arranged. A cover is now lifted off, and in the deep well of a blue-edged plate, that contrasts beautifully with what it contains, is disclosed that dream of farinaceous enjoyment, the English muffin. How it fills and gratifies the eye as its snowy margin rests teeming upon the border of the dish, and yields to the gradual suffusion of pink that crowns its upmost surface! And in the same degree how does its consistency change, from a rich, pulpy, fruit-like elasticity, into the most delicate and inviting crispness of resistance!

'It is cut into quarters, as the world was said to be divided when we were school-boys; but the whole of this is thine own! ready buttered for thee moreover, with

grass-fed butter through the plane of the horizon! Thou hast finished it? Thou hast drank thy nice tea, poured out for thee by the hands that are dearest to thee in the world? Thou hast 'lived and hast loved!'

'The waiter to whose noiseless footstep we were indebted for the constant anticipation of every want during our repast, was a hale and erect person, turned of sixty, much inclined to be corpulent if it had suited his vocation, with white hair nicely combed about a sleek and roseate face, white cravat, a scarlet plush waistcoat, well but carefully worn, drab coat and breeches, buckles at the knees, worsted stockings, and well-polished shoes, tied with strings of black ribbon. 'Hope that you found the sexton's house without difficulty, Sir?' 'Without the least, JOHN: your direction was so exact that we could not miss it.' 'Hope that the eggs are boiled to the lady's taste, Sir?' 'They could not be more so.' JOHN gave another glance at the table, placed a small bell upon it, and vanished. To an American, accustomed from his earliest youth to a bustling and unrelaxed exertion both of body and mind, with hardly a thought of repose unconnected with a state of existence beyond the grave; or even of leisure, without a sensation bordering upon contempt; a quiet breakfast in a still country town, and in a foreign land, is a novelty.'

In announcing, some twelvemonth since, the death of Mr. HENRY CARY at Florence, of which we had but just then heard, although the event occurred some six months previously, we took occasion, as our readers will perhaps remember, briefly to advert to his contributions to this Magazine, and to quote two or three passages from the same, in illustration of their peculiar characteristics. Those, with what we have now presented, scarcely do justice to the *varied* qualities which the writer, from time to time, and for so extended a period, exhibited to our readers. Our next chapter (p. v.) will be devoted to the consideration and 'exemplification' of a voluminous contributor, in prose and verse, to these pages; who in acute observation, refinement of manner, and the adroit exercise of the *ars celare artem*, may truly be said to 'divide the honors' with rare 'JOHN WATERS.'

'KING ROLF, THE NORTHMAN.'—Aforetime reader of the KNICKERBOCKER, do you remember '*The Old Continental*,' written for this Magazine, which Mr. DANA, in his work on American Poetry, pronounces one of the best and most stirring of all the poems upon the Revolution, and which was widely and generally attributed to the genius and pen of LONGFELLOW? Also, can you recall to mind the 'Philosopher, and Plank-Road Director,' who so moved your risibles in times past in these pages, and whose great wisdom was shown in certain profound '*Fables*,' after the manner of the distinguished *Æsop*? If you say 'Yea,' then read '*King Rolf*,' commenced in preceding pages, for that 'paper' is from the same pen. The burlesque of the *Old Norse Style* will 'tickle the cockles' of all students of ancient Northern Literature; while we are certain that the creation of weird and grotesque 'situations,' and the sublimity of the descriptions of Arctic scenery, will secure the admiration of all lovers of the magnificent and picturesque in Nature. The lone, mysterious majesty of the 'Frozen-Clime' has seldom been more vividly depicted.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE WASHINGTON IRVING. — Our reminiscences of the beloved and lamented IRVING, which comprise living memories that arise ever and anon to the mind, will hereafter be jotted down in our 'Gossipry' as they may spring from the occasion. We find not a few of them awakened by correspondents in different sections of the Union, who have perused the desultory pencillings which have already appeared in the *KNICKERBOCKER*. In this way a freshness may be imparted to these 'memories,' which they would lack, when recorded together, in a continuous form. Apropos of our correspondence: an esteemed friend in Washington, (the same obliging gentleman to whom we are indebted for the touching and filial letter from THEODOSIA BURR ALLSTON to Mrs. MADISON, elsewhere in the present number,) has sent us the following *early* letter from WASHINGTON IRVING to his friend Mr. VAN NESS, of Kinderhook. The narrow escape from drowning which the immortal GEOFFREY CRAYON had, 'just above CORLAER'S Hook,' will doubtless be as new and as interesting an incident to our readers as it was to us. Do but think for a moment what the world might have lost, had not that little fishing-skiff been near at hand! More than 'CÆSAR and his fortunes' were saved in *that* 'frail barque:'

'New-York, Dec. 18, 1809.

'MY DEAR SIR: A few days since, on returning from a long visit to Philadelphia, I found a letter from you which had lain some time at my office. I should have answered it before, but the crowd of engagements that harass a man when he first arrives at home, prevented me from putting pen to paper. As to your portentous dream, which justly occasioned such anxious forebodings, I assure you it was better founded than those sage omens generally are: the only defect was, that you dreamed too late, and I was not absolutely drowned. The truth of the matter is, that I was upset in a small sail-boat, about two or three months ago, in the broad bay just above CORLAER'S Hook; and after clinging to the boat about a quarter of an hour, up to my chin in the water, I was kindly picked up by a little fishing-skiff. This is the *real* foundation of your dream; and henceforth you may consider yourself a match for the immortal BUNYAN himself, in the art of dreaming.

'The old Governors' are at length ushered into the world; and I am now an idle man: so if you have any disposition to royster a little, you will find me completely at your service, when you pay your promised visit to the city. You must come down completely the gentleman of leisure: leave your farm and all its cares behind you: put your household under the ghostly superintendence of that evangelical sinner, JESSE MARVIN; and determine to unbend and become one of us boys: and then I'll insure you some pleasant relaxation.

'Our Theatre will remain open for some time yet; and as our company is very good at present, you will find it an amusing resort. We have two excellent new actors, Mr SIMPSON and Mrs. MASON, who were sent out by the Doctor, and have completely retrieved the credit of the Theatre.

'How does my friend PARTRIDGE and his Academy? Do the flesh and the spirit still keep up their hostilities within him? I long once more to visit your little empire: and am only deterred by the austerity of old Winter, from gratifying my inclinations. But next year, when the country is once more in full dress, I shall certainly indulge in a few more rambles about the red lane.

'Remember me with great regard and respect to Mrs. VAN NESS; and let my friend JESSE know that I still recollect him with great consideration. I shall leave all discussions of domestic and literary topics until I see you, which I hope will be in a very few days. Recollect Christmas should always be spent in the city.

'Ever yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

'W. P. VAN NESS, Esq.,

'Kinderhook, New-York.'

Furnished with an excellent glass, we have been looking from an eminence near Cedar-Hill Cottage across the Tappaan Sea, on this clear, bright, transparent Sunday afternoon of March; our focus the spot hallowed as the last earthly resting-place of IRVING: a solemn gray; the 'ground color' the pale tomb-stones near by showing, from our 'stand-point,' like a flock of white sheep scattered over the inclosure. 'This spot,' writes a friendly correspondent, ('C. DE R.,') of Tarrytown, 'is visited daily, even at this season, by persons from near and far, all anxious to view the 'Mecca of the Heart,' where the good man is laid. Young ladies living in the neighborhood bring flowers from the green-houses, and 'place them affectionately upon his yet fresh grave. I send you,' he adds, 'a copy of the inscription taken from the TABLET lately erected in CHRIST Church, in this village, to the memory of WASHINGTON IRVING: together with a copy of a SERMON upon the same theme, preached in the Second Reformed Dutch Church of Tarrytown, by Rev. JOHN A. TODD.' This Discourse is elsewhere referred to, in the 'Brief Notices of New Publications.' The inscription alluded to is in the following simple and appropriate words:

Washington Irving,

BORN IN THE CITY OF NEW-YORK,

APRIL 3, 1783.

FOR MANY YEARS

A COMMUNICANT AND WARDEN

OF THIS CHURCH: AND REPEATEDLY ONE OF ITS

DELEGATES IN THE CONVENTION OF THE DIOCESE.

LOVED: HONORED: REVERED:

HE FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS,

NOVEMBER 28, 1859.

THIS TABLET

IS ERECTED TO HIS MEMORY

BY

The Vestry.

A Westchester correspondent, writing to the Editor, in only too kindly terms, from another village on the Hudson, in the neighborhood of Sunnyside, says: 'The feeling and taste shown in your articles upon WASHINGTON IRVING have greatly interested me. The memory of interviews with such a man must be peculiarly inspiring, and as reviving to the heart as a well of water in the sandy

ways of life. His companionship must have been not only a source of great and refining joy at the time, but ever after must have beamed upon the mind like constant sunshine. His gentle writings and his gentle ways were mirrors of each other.

'I was especially pleased that you appreciated so truly what I regard as one of the most winning of Mr. IRVING's sketches — '*Mountjoy*.' I do not think that the exquisite graces of that matchless narrative are *generally* appreciated and valued so highly as they ought to be. It is to be deeply regretted that the sketch was not completed. It would have afforded such admirable opportunities for describing the scenery of the Hudson; for giving so many pleasant pictures of life; so much genial humor, and genuine skill in all the peculiar traits of his genius, that its incompleteness is a great loss. Gathering strength and power in every page as it proceeded, the story would doubtless have formed one of his best efforts. I wish, with all my heart, that ALLSTON had kept more 'wide awake.' There are also some characteristics of '*Mountjoy*' different from all his other works. I will not attempt to say what they are; but the truth is so: and I believe that you have the same opinion. I know nothing of the reason at which you hint, in what you say concerning it: I speak only from its effect upon me. One can indeed understand how it may not have had so striking an effect when read to friends, as some of his other sketches: it is so exquisite and refined as to require a special mood of mind for its true enjoyment.

'How many times the opinions expressed, or taken for granted, of friends, have obstructed the finishing of rare productions, the world will never know. Beside this one of IRVING's, there is an instance in SCOTT's career, of a similar nature: when some friends persuaded him, in an unfortunate hour, to throw aside '*The Black Dwarf*,' or rather to bring it to an abrupt close: the very novel, which completed as it was begun, would have revealed qualities not found in any other of his books; and which, notwithstanding some repulsiveness, that could easily be pardoned for the sake of the merit of the work, would have shown, in a more marked degree than any of his other novels, an almost SHAKSPERIAN analysis of character. As an instance of morbid yet fascinating idiosyncrasy, the '*Black Dwarf*' would have claimed some kin to '*HAMLET*.'

'But I did not mean to enter upon any thing like criticism. It was my good fortune, (or rather it was a blessing to my soul from the Great SOURCE of Goodness,) that I enjoyed a brief interview with Mr. IRVING, on the last Tuesday of his life. When I left him, my heart glowed all over with the genial brightness which his spirit had diffused around me and within me. He had spoken of ALLSTON, with tearful, tender enthusiasm. But no more of this.'

Our correspondent farther advises us of Mr. IRVING's personal kindness and interest in a literary matter which he had in hand, as 'something so gracious, that his heart was at once drawn out to him in gratitude.' But when was it otherwise with the 'good man departed?' No matter how humble the enterprise, a literary aspirant of fair promise had always kind advice, and an encouraging word at his hands: no better example of which could be cited, than the interest which he took in a little book of the writer's, which he suggested in the follow-

ing kindly words, from a letter now before us: 'In regard to your question whether I think a selection from your *Editorial Table-Talk* would form an acceptable volume for publication, I must remind you that I suggested the very thing to you not long since. I think you might make a very taking volume or two out of your 'Gossip;' and I think you would be doing yourself injustice to leave the very clever sallies and touches of tender pathos interspersed throughout it, to be buried among the multitudinous leaves of a Magazine.' And then he named, and stood god-father to the little book, and recommended the preparation of a second, in the same kind. How can *we* help saying thus much, in the way of grateful remembrance?

The English press, metropolitan and provincial, are echoing the eulogiums upon IRVING which have been so widely uttered in America. The '*Times*' and '*Herald*,' of the London press, have borne brief but cordial tributes to the MAN and the AUTHOR: the ablest indeed which we have seen. THACKERAY, in his '*Cornhill Magazine*,' has an appreciative article upon '*Irving and Macaulay*,' written in the kindest spirit, and warmly eulogistic of the eminent American; 'the good Man, and the good Author:' but it is open to criticism upon certain points, and to correction as to 'fact,' on one or two others. We propose to advert briefly to these in an ensuing number.

We bring this desultory 'TABLE' dish to a close with an '*Anecdote*,' which we shall introduce by quoting the following letter from MR. IRVING to the EDITOR, penned just twenty years ago, dating up to 'this present writing.' It will be seen that both Letter and Anecdote are very characteristic, in more respects than one. Let us premise that Greenbush, from which the epistle is dated, was the name of the town proper, in which at that time 'DOBBS' Ferry,' 'Sunnyside,' etc., were included: perhaps they are so included now: but MR. IRVING seldom dated his letters to us from 'Greenbush:'

'Greenbush, March 17, 1840.

'MY DEAR SIR: In consequence of not sending to the post-office for several days, I did not receive your letter calling so lustily for help, until yesterday (Monday) after post-hours. I have nothing at hand to send to you; and I fear if I had, it would come too late. We have nothing new in these parts, excepting that there has been the deuce to pay of late in Sleepy Hollow, a circumstance, by-the-by, with which you of New-York have some concern, as it is connected with your Croton Aqueduct. This work traverses a thick wood, about the lower part of the Hollow, not far from the old Dutch haunted church: and in the heart of the wood, an immense culvert, or stone arch, is thrown across the wizard stream of the Pocantico, to support the Aqueduct. As the work is unfinished, a colony of Patlanders have been encamped about this place all winter, forming a kind of Patsylvania, in the midst of a 'wiltherness.' Now, whether it is that they have heard the old traditional stories about the Hollow, (which, all fanciful fabling and idle scribbling apart, is really one of the most haunted places in this part of the country,) or whether the goblins of the Hollow, accustomed only to tolerate the neighborhood of the old Dutch families, have resented this intrusion into their solitudes, by strangers of an unknown tongue, certain it is, that the poor Paddies have been most grievously harried, for some time past, by all kinds of apparitions. A wagon-road cut through the woods, and leading from their encampment past the haunted church, and so on to certain whiskey establishments, has been especially beset by

the foul fiends: and the worthy Patlanders, on their way home at night, beheld misshapen monsters whisking about their paths; sometimes resembling men, sometimes boys, sometimes horses; but invariably *without heads*: which shows that they must be lineal descendants from the old Goblin of the Hollow. These imps of darkness have grown more and more vexatious in their pranks, occasionally tripping up or knocking down the unlucky object of their hostility. In a word, the whole wood has become such a scene of *spuking* and *diablerie*, that the Paddies will not any longer venture out of their shanties at night: and a whiskey-shop in a neighboring village, where they used to hold their evening gatherings, has been obliged to shut up, for want of custom. This is a true story, and you may account for it as you please. The corporation of your city should look to it; for if this harrying continues, I should not be surprised if the Paddies, tired of being cut off from their whiskey, should entirely abandon the goblin regions of Sleepy Hollow, and the completion of the Croton water-works be seriously retarded.

‘Yours Very Truly,

‘WASHINGTON IRVING.

‘P. S.: The above story was told me last evening by one of the young engineers who was on a visit to the cottage.’

The anecdote which ensues, and which the *old New-York Spirit of the Times*, in which it appears, pronounces to be entirely authentic, forcibly illustrates IRVING's love of sociability, and his modesty with regard to his literary reputation. It was furnished to the ‘*Spirit*’ by a gentleman of wealth and standing, who was formerly a contractor for building that section of the Croton Aqueduct which passed through Tarrytown:

‘Soon after he had erected a rude building for the reception of the tools and of the workmen, and to afford himself a temporary shelter while engaged in his responsible duties, a hearty, elderly gentleman, plainly dressed, and of exceedingly unpretending manners, presented himself one day, and commenced a conversation with our friend. A great many questions were asked, naturally suggested by the then new enterprise of supplying New-York City with water: and after a visit of an hour or so, the gentleman quietly departed. A few days afterward, accompanied by two ladies, he again visited the head-quarters of our friend, and entered into a more detailed conversation, seemingly intent upon finding out all that was to be learned about the proposed aqueduct. These visits finally became a regular affair, and were continued twice a week, for a period of some six months. The conversations were always confined to local subjects; and not a remark escaped the lips of the visitor, which was calculated to inspire curiosity, or suggest that he was other than some plain, good-natured person, with plenty of time on his hands, who desired to while away an hour or two in common-place chit-chat. In course of time, however, our friend finished his labors at Tarrytown; but occasionally met his old friend on the little steamers which serve to connect our suburbs with the heart of the city. One day, while voyaging along the Hudson, and busily engaged in conversation with the old gentleman, the steamer suddenly commenced pealing its bell, and made such a racket that our friend left his place, and hunting up the captain, asked him ‘what all that noise was about?’

‘Why,’ replied that functionary, ‘we are opposite Sunnyside; and having WASHINGTON IRVING on board, by this notice his servant will be able to meet him at his landing with a carriage.’

'Our friend, in great enthusiasm, exclaimed: 'WASHINGTON IRVING! — *he* on board! Why, point him out to me: there is no man living whom I would more like to see.'

'At this demonstration the captain looked quite surprised, and remarked: 'Why, Sir, you just left WASHINGTON IRVING's company; and from the number of times I have seen you in familiar conversation with him on this boat, I supposed you were one of his most intimate friends.'

'The astonishment of our friend may be faintly imagined, when he discovered that for more than a half-year, twice a week, he had had a long conversation with WASHINGTON IRVING; a person to whom, more than to any other man living, he desired a personal introduction.'

Well do we remember jumping out of Mr. IRVING's little wagon one day, at his suggestion, and stepping into, and standing up in, the great Aqueduct, when it was being constructed past the front of the 'Mansion-House,' in Tarrytown: welcomed, if we remember rightly, by this very contractor. 'How short the time 'twixt now and then,' as we look back upon the past!

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.— We do n't know that we might not gradually approximate to Hon. JERE. CLEMENS' exalted opinion of the character of AARON BURR, if we were to read in succession many such letters as the following, addressed by his daughter, Mrs. THEODOSIA BURR ALSTON, to Mrs. MADISON, imploring her to use her influence to induce her husband, the PRESIDENT, to restore her unhappy father from his exile. Certainly it was not a bad *father* who could elicit such an epistle from such a daughter. We are indebted to an esteemed friend in Washington, J. C. MCGUIRE, Esq., who possesses entire the 'MADISON Papers,' for a copy of the letter, which has never before been published:

'Rocky River Springs, (N. C.), June 24th, 1809.

'MADAM: You may perhaps be surprised at receiving a letter from one with whom you have had so little intercourse for the last few years. But your surprise will cease when you recollect that my father, once your friend, is now in exile; and that the President only can restore him to me and to his country.

'Ever since the choice of the people was first declared in favor of Mr. MADISON, my heart amid the universal joy, has beat with the hope that I too should soon have reason to rejoice. Convinced that Mr. MADISON would neither feel nor judge from the feelings or judgment of others, I had no doubt of his hastening to relieve a man whose character he had been enabled to appreciate during a confidential intercourse of long continuance, and whom he must know incapable of the designs attributed to him. My anxiety on this subject has, however, become too painful to be alleviated by anticipations which no events have yet tended to justify, and in this state of intolerable suspense, I have determined to address myself to you, and request that you will *in my name* apply to the President for a removal of the prosecution now existing against AARON BURR. I still expect it from him as a man of feeling and candor, as one acting for the world and for posterity.

'Statesmen, I am aware, deem it necessary that sentiments of liberality, and even justice, should yield to considerations of policy, but what policy can require the absence of my father at present? Even had he contemplated the project for which he

stands arraigned, evidently to pursue it any further would now be impossible. There is not left one pretext of alarm even to calumny; for bereft of fortune, of popular favor, and almost of friends, what could he accomplish? And whatever may be the apprehensions or the clamors of the ignorant and the interested, surely the timid, illiberal system which would sacrifice a man to a remote and unreasonable possibility that he might infringe some law founded on an unjust, unwarrantable suspicion that he would desire it, cannot be approved by Mr. Madison, and must be unnecessary to a President so loved, so honored. Why then is my father banished from a country for which he has encountered wounds and dangers and fatigue for years? Why is he driven from his friends, from an only child, to pass an unlimited time in exile, and that too at an age when others are reaping the harvest of past toils, or ought at least to be providing seriously for the comfort of ensuing years? I do not seek to soften you by this recapitulation. I wish only to remind you of all the injuries which are inflicted on one of the first characters the United States ever produced.

'Perhaps it may be well to assure you there is no truth in a report lately circulated, that my father intends returning immediately. He never will return to conceal himself in a country on which he has conferred distinction.

'To whatever fate Mr. Madison may doom this application, I trust it will be treated with delicacy. Of this I am the more desirous, as Mr. ALSTON is ignorant of the step I have taken in writing to you, which, perhaps, nothing could excuse but the warmth of filial affection. If it be an error, attribute it to the indiscreet zeal of a daughter whose soul sinks at the gloomy prospect of a long and indefinite separation from a father almost adored, and who can leave unattempted nothing which offers the slightest hope of procuring him redress. What indeed would I not risk once more to see him, to hang upon him, to place my child on his knee, and again spend my days in the happy occupation of endeavoring to anticipate all his wishes.

'Let me entreat, my dear Madam, that you will have the consideration and goodness to answer me as speedily as possible; my heart is sore with doubt and patient waiting for something definitive. No apologies are made for giving you this trouble, which I am sure you will not deem it irksome to take for a daughter, an affectionate daughter thus situated. Inclose your letter for me to A. J. FREDERIC PREVOST, Esq., near New-Rochelle, New-York.

'That every happiness may attend you, is the sincere wish of

'THEO. BURR ALSTON.

'To MRS. JAMES MADISON, *Washington, D. C.*'

'There spoke the loving Daughter!' - - - THERE is a very laughable scene recorded of a certain surly, ill-tempered English officer, Major —, whose wife and sister were in the habit of visiting him at the 'barracks' where he was stationed. He had given orders, out of spite to one or two subordinate officers, whose families had hitherto enjoyed the like privilege, that 'no females were to be allowed in barracks after tattoo, under any pretence whatever. One night an old fellow, a great 'precisian' in his office, and not a little short and crusty, was sergeant of the guard. They called him 'the General,' from his peremptory 'style.'

'SHORTLY after 'tattoo,' sundry ladies, as usual, presented themselves at the barrack-gate, and were of course refused admittance; at length, to the great surprise of the sentinel on duty, the Major's lady and sister-in-law made their appearance, and walked boldly to the wicket, with the intention of entering, as usual.

'To their astonishment, the sentinel refused to let them pass. The sergeant was called, but he was quite as much of a 'precisian' as the ladies, and his conscience (and his orders) would not permit him to let them in!

'Do you know who we *are*, Sir?' inquired the Major's lady, in a very imperious manner.

'Oh! certainly,' said the 'General'; 'I knows your ladyships werry vell.'

'Then what do you *mean*, Sir, by this insolence?'

'I means no insolence whatsomdever, Marm, but my horders is pertick'ler to let no female ladies into this 'ere barrack after tattoo, upon *no* account whatsomdever: and I means to obey my horders vithout no mistake!'

'Then you *refuse* admittance, do you, to the lady of your commanding officer? Was there ever —'

'And her sister!' shrieked the second lady.

'Most sartinkly, Marm: I understands my duty!'

'Good gracious! what assurance!'

'No insurance at all, Marm: if your ladyships was princesses you could n't come in a'ter tattoo. My horders is werry partick'ler.'

'Don't you know, Sirrah, that these orders can't be intended to apply to *us*?'

'No; I does n't know nuffin' about *that*: horders is *horders*, and *must* be obeyed: that's what the Major says.'

'Impudence!' exclaimed both the ladies in a breath.

'Imperance or *no* imperance, I must do my *duty*. If my superior hofferer was for to give me horders not to let the Major in hisself, I should be obligated to keep his honor out at the p'int of the bag'net!'

'Finally, the officer of the guard was sent for, and the officer of the guard sent for the orderly-book, which by the light of the guard-room lantern was exhibited to the ladies, with much courtesy, by 'the General,' in justification of his apparent rudeness:

'You see how it is, your ladyships; you can't come in, not on *no* account!'

Imagine the chagrin with which those 'females after tattoo' retraced their steps homeward; and do n't 'forget to remember' what *the Major's* feelings must have been the next morning, when he found his own malice thus turned against himself. 'Curses, like chickens, *will* come home to roost,' is a veritable maxim, though 'somewhat musty.' - - - The friend to whom we were indebted for the interesting personal reminiscence of WASHINGTON IRVING and Mr. ROSCOE, recorded in the February number of the KNICKERBOCKER, mentioned to us this morning an anecdote, which struck us as a most forcible illustration of that blind *Partisan Hot-Headedness*, of which few of our readers are not cognizant, whether they be residents of great cities or small villages, or the broad unvillaged 'COUNTRY' proper. 'These rabid, fanatical men,' said our friend, 'remind me of an anecdote which I heard in England, shortly after the peace of 1815, when the heated passions of the war had only begun to subside. This anecdote related to a state of blind, senseless, and epidemic passion in England, at the period of our revolutionary war. A very distinguished Baron of that period, (of Norfolk, if I remember rightly,) was publicly known to take the side of the colonists on all occasions. He had an intimate friend of the too common psychology and fervor or madness, who boiled over without exhaustion or intermission on

the other side. His name was CASWELL. He occasionally visited the Baron. The latter on one occasion sought to avoid, in conversation, the war and all the questions on which they totally disagreed, but in vain. He proposed a variety of subjects, and expressed a great variety of sentiments, hoping that Mr. CASWELL would concur with him, and that they might have at least a tolerably endurable interview. But Mr. CASWELL's internal heat and steam could not be repressed without extinguishing his life. It must have vent. Controversy was his safety-valve. He accordingly, as if by an instinct of self-preservation, dissented from, controverted, and opposed indiscriminately every point advanced by his calm and good-natured friend. At length the Baron, thinking he might turn the current of this madness by an abrupt apostrophe, said: 'Mr. CASWELL, if you would strike off the C from your name it would be AS-WELL.' 'What!' he quickly replied, 'do you mean to insult me?' 'No, my good friend, by no means. But finding that we totally disagreed upon every question, and that you seemed to be very much excited and heated, I thought it would be a kindness to suggest something on which it appeared to me we could not possibly be of different opinions, and I am astonished that it does not appear as obvious to you as it does to me, that if you drop the C, your name would be AS-WELL.' This injection of cold water into the red-hot boiler caused, says our friend, 'an immediate and irremediable explosion. - - - The following passage from a lively article in *Hall's Journal of Health* does no more than simple justice to a gentleman to whom we have been a thousand times indebted for professional favors, so willingly and quickly rendered that one had scarcely time to say, 'Thank you,' before 'the thing was done.' We have many times had it 'borne in upon our mind' to award the same tribute which Dr. HALL pays below:

'MANY an editor and book-writer remembers to have seen, in the sixth story of GRAY'S Mammoth Printing Establishment, a thin, wide-awake, snappy-eyed, quick-motivated, sharp-faced gentleman, who is cock of the walk in that upper sphere; the lord, ruler, governor, and director of that floor. Always busy, always meeting you with a smile; and yet so picked at and pecked at by TOM, DICK, and HARRY, that we have often wondered how he survived. . . . One day we stopped a moment in wonder at the innumerable twitches at POWERS. What with the bother of proof-readers and doctors, of calls for more copy, and solicitations of compositors to decipher hieroglyphics; to spell out words that never had any spell in them, or to 'make out' words which were of every language under the sun. At length we said to him: 'It's a wonder you do n't go crazy!'

'Crazy! Have n't time to get crazy; too many things to do:' and away he went, with a merry laugh; but his words remained, to be a text for some future article in the *Journal of Health*.

'Have n't time to go crazy; too many things to do.' There is philosophy enough in those dozen words to fill whole tomes of octavos. It's the grand secret of human health and human happiness, to have a plenty to do. 'Go ahead, keep moving!' There's wisdom in that, and health; health of body, health of brain, and a long life. It's the people who have leisure to 'mood' and mope, and hug sharp-pointed memories, who fill our asylums, and not those who have a dozen irons in the fire at the same time; some round, some square, and some in the pig, so as to bring out and exercise, and develop different mental capabilities, thus making all parts of the brain

to grow equally; not only strengthening it, but by keeping up equal activities in all its parts; a maturity of judgment and a keenness of discrimination are the result, and these are qualities at the very foundation of human success. The lesson of this article is, as you would avoid an aimless life, a miserable pilgrimage to the land beyond, a mad-house, or a premature grave, avoid leisure, avoid one idea, one only *train* of thought.'

Let us add a word here, touching the great advantage, the 'great comfort,' which an Editor derives from an active, intelligent, accomplished, watchful, accurate proof-reader. For this blessing we have also occasion almost every day to be thankful. Your proof-sheet comes to you, carefully read; and on the margin, perhaps, three or four interrogation-points; indicating a confused sentence, an indistinct expression, an infelicitous word, or a tautological phrase; which you were careless or 'green' enough to permit to escape *you*, but which your proof-reader was *too GREEN* — too much himself, professionally — to suffer to pass *his* keen supervision. Good reporters, they say, frequently make fair literary reputations for indifferent members of Congress: but not half so often, we venture to say, as good proof-readers (such as our Mr. J. S. G —) assist in making for authors and editors a reputation for care and correctness in their literary compositions. Therefore, 'Honor to *whom* honor,' say we, with a grateful sense individually of how well deserved is this passing tribute. - - - The brief lines which ensue, from the *Providence* (R. I.) *Daily Journal*, came warm from a MOTHER's heart. *Somewhere* — for it seems to us that we *could n't* have lost it — among our unfiled letters is a most eloquent note from 'OLLAPOD,' describing a Father's and a Mother's reflections over 'the unseen Future of their infant WILLIE:' but they are 'all alike in the dust' now — mother, father, son:

The Baby.

'ANOTHER little wave
Upon the sea of life:
Another soul to save,
Amid the toil and strife.

'Two more little feet
To walk the dusty road;
To choose where two paths meet,
The narrow and the broad.

'Two more little hands
To work for good or ill:
Two more little eyes,
Another little will.

'Another heart to love,
Receiving love again:
And so the baby came,
A thing of joy and pain.'

Every Mother will feel this. - - - A CITY correspondent ('W. B. B.') writes us as follows: 'In a former number of the KNICKERBOCKER you had a '*Reminiscence of General Jackson*.' I wish to add the following, which will go to show your readers that on *one* occasion the General was conquered — but, as far as I know, it was the only time:

'WHILE laboring under a severe attack of illness, during his last presidential term, his physician, Dr. HUNT, ordered *cups* applied to his temples. When the operator

was proceeding to remove the gray hairs from the spot, the pride of personal appearance (the white, venerable locks, by which he was known to so many thousands of his countrymen) was fully aroused; and the old Hero, who had faced a thousand guns, now shrank from the marring of his 'Roman' head and features, by a few incisions of the scarifying blade. In his usual peremptory manner, he said:

'Doctor, do n't put those cups on my temples; put them, Sir, on the back of my neck!'

'But it required *two* to make that bargain.

'Dr. HUNT, quite as positive as the old General, both in spirit and manner, issued *his* order:

'Sit down, General, and be cupped where *I* tell you, or I will not be answerable for your life. Sit down, Sir!'

'The brave old 'Hickory' became a bulrush, and with almost infantile docility submitted to the process, without uttering another word.'

Medical 'Master of the Field!' - - - THERE is a certain imposing Hotel and Restaurant in this goodly metropolis of ours, the proprietor whereof keeps a 'poick,' in the person of an Irish waiter, who extols his establishment in the true 'Groves of Blarney' style. We 'name no parties': but the last stanza shows what an exalted opinion the *employé* has of his employer:

'YE Muses, aid me with consultation;
Assist my genius until I expound
The noble praises of this habitation,
Whose light and fragrance does me surround.

'This lofty edifice of great admiration,
Appears completed on palace STORE:
Five hundred cubits elevated,
And well fabricated by THEODORE.

'Two conservatories, well executed,
Both joined and fitted with art and skill—
The octagon spire and golden compass,
Complete the beauty of this hotel.

'That noble stairway, composed of marble,
On which thousands daily doth promenade,
To see the fountain with great resounding,
Its artesian waters are not compared:

'The salmon glancing, the goldfish dancing,
All things advancing in this flowing rill;
The bells are chiming, so organizing,
With notes enticing from this hotel.

'The view extending so very handsome,
All through this palace from that window clear;
The quail and partridge, with deer and turtle,
All things commodious here doth appear.

'The bright AURORA with all his glory,
Or VENUS brighter, cannot compare;
With the lovely beauties of that splendid window,
All representing the solar year.

'If I was able in education,
I'd extol his praises with my slender pen;
Through foreign nations you'll find no equal
To the blooming praises of this hotel.'

'Blooming praises' of a blossoming 'poet!' - - - If our old friend Judge EDMONDS denies the authenticity of the following, we shall perhaps be forced to admit that the story is not 'founded':

'In one of the little villages of Westchester county lived an old fellow, somewhat fond of his glass of toddy, and of hanging around the bar-rooms of the village taverns, to hear the gossip, and occasionally 'indulge,' and sometimes to an excess of which he was afterward very much ashamed. He went by the name of 'Old Sam,' and was really a very entertaining personage. He had seen General WASHINGTON, and was, according to his own story, the cause of the British evacuating the city. His account of the manner of effecting this object used to make a great deal of sport, and believing in it implicitly, he was never tired of relating it.

'Come, Sam,' some village tavern-lounger would say, 'tell us about your driving the British out of New-York.'

'Well, now, 'Squire, I do n't *exactly* say that I *did* do it, but I'll give you the *facts*, and you can draw your own conclusions:

'You see, the fact was, I knew the British was *in* New-York; and I knew, and we all *felt*, that they had been there long enough; and for *one*, I was determined they should n't be there any longer. One night, after we had been talking about it for some time, before going to bed, I said to our folks: 'I shall ride to the city to-morrow morning, and be there before day-break; and I shall *go armed*!'

'I went right out to the stable, with a lantern, three hours before day-light, saddled our old white mare, put two loaded pistols in the bolsters of the saddle, and took my father's 'swoard' that he carried at Bunker-Hill, and I got into New-York early in the morning, and — *the British had left*!'

'They had evacuated the city, do you mean to say?'

'I mean to say, they had retreated — gone — run away! Now I do n't mean to say that the British *knew* that I was coming, but I *do* say, that it *looked very much like it*!'

He had told the story so many times, and with such slight variations, that he had actually come to believe that the British troops left New-York, because they had 'got wind' that he was coming, '*armed*,' on his white mare! - - - THE '*New-York Leader*,' a weekly political, literary, and news journal, of merit, speaks with undoubted sincerity of Mrs. WHITMAN's work upon Poe, and to kindred effect and purport with the Baltimore '*Methodist Protestant*,' elsewhere cited:

'Few extenuatory biographies have succeeded in removing one stain before affixed, or adding one plume to the wing that may have been denuded of its proper plumage. Poe may have been maligned and misrepresented; no doubt he was: but so have been most men who have thrust themselves prominently before the public gaze; and one lesson the world is continually learning: the 'engineer is hoisted with his own petard,' and the bitter critic has his cup presented to his own lips. Poe was a great artist: he bewildered, dazzled, blinded; but he touched no one, or but few. His reputation on this point is settled, and added criticism is not at all likely to change it. The circumstances of his social life are less known; but enough is known of them to indicate some sad errors of a lofty intellect. Those do best who most leniently deal with them; but we neither believe that Dr. GRISWOLD was ignorant of the main facts of Mr. Poe's life, nor that he was malevolent enough wilfully to have mis-stated them. The honor this well-written little apologetic biography reflects on Mrs. WHITMAN is undoubted: whether it will correct one error, stifle one falsehood, or convict one disbeliever, is more than doubtful.'

The foregoing are the only notices of Mrs. WHITMAN's book which have reached us 'at this present writing.' We need only add, that they confirm our own ideas of the character of the volume. - - - A STRIKING *Lesson for Young 'Courtiers*:' because, to come at once to the point, a young man in Detroit, in the State of Michigan, went into a young woman's room in her absence, and 'took back' a hundred dollars' worth of jewelry which he had given her 'when she said she would *have* him,' but which he did n't want her to keep, without 'keeping her engagement' with it, instead of using it to 'adorn another man's wife,' an article of domestic furniture which she had deliberately promised to become: and now the poor jilted culprit is on trial for grand larceny! So much for being an

'Indian-giver,' as we used to say in 'Old Onondaga.' The case is somewhat akin to the one mentioned in '*Punch*,' some years ago: wherein a young *loveress* asks for a return of all the heart-tokens which she had presented to her faithless swain, and all of which he had confided, 'for a consideration,' to the custody of a favorite 'UNCLE.' In his reply, he admits the *gravamen*, but is mawkish in his 'reflections:' for he says:

THAT brooch, which in my breast I wore,
(The one which was of pearl the mother,)
Which, when you gave to me, I swore
For life I'd wear it, and no other;
Canst thou forget the cheerful morn'
When in my breast thou first didst stick it?
I can't restore it—it's in pawn;
But, base deceiver! there's the ticket!

And so the 'poor thing' had to wait upon her inconstant lover's venerable relative, armed with the 'mystic numbers,' in order to receive to herself again the sweet mementoes which in 'happier hours' she had conferred upon the young individual, who at the last pinch had proved so fickle and so 'faulty.' Truly, 'there is a divinity which shapes our ends *rough*,' in matters of the heart: for the great SHAKESPEARE himself says, (and if he had lived in GOETHE'S time he would have been considered fully equal to that immense Germanic *Eidolon*;) that 'the course of *true* love never does run *smooth*:' very turbulent therefore must be the course of a *false* love: as has been made, we take it, forcibly apparent in the foregoing sketch. - - - BY-AND-BY our readers will share with us the pleasure with which we announce a forthcoming volume by 'PAUL SIOGVOLK,' author of the admirable series of papers in past *Knickerbockers*, entitled '*Schediasms*,' not one of which, we venture to say, has been forgotten. The new book is entitled, '*Walter Ashton; a Love-Story: by Paul Siogvolk.*' A glance at the unbound sheets assures us, that the publishers, Messrs. RUDD AND CARLTON, will require little advertising, beyond the book itself, after it shall have fairly been placed before the public. - - - SUBSECTIONS of 'Gossipry' upon the '*Death of WILLIAM E. BURTON, Comedian*,' and upon other themes, are unavoidably postponed until our next. The same 'palliation' must be offered in regard to several new publications received from Boston, New-York and Philadelphia publishing-houses. - - - WHO is the author of the ensuing lines, '*A Year in Heaven?*' It *sounds* like, and is worthy of, REV. HORATIO BONAR:

'A YEAR uncalendared; for what
Hast thou to do with mortal time?
Its dole of moments entereth not
That circle, mystic and sublime,
Whose unreach'd centre is the throne
Of HIM, before whose awful brow,
Meeting eternities are known
As but an everlasting *now*!
The thought removes thee far away—
Too far beyond my love and tears;
Ah! let me hold thee as I may,
And count thy time by earthly years.

'A year of blessedness—wherein
Not one dim cloud hath crossed thy soul;
No sigh of grief, no touch of sin,
No frail mortality's control;

Nor once hath disappointment stung,
Nor care, world-weary, made thee pine;
But rapture, such as human tongue
Hath found no language for, is thine.
Made perfect at thy passing—who
Can sum thy added glory now?
As on and onward, upward through
The angel-ranks that lowly bow,
Ascending still from height to height,
Unfaltering where rapt seraphs trod,
Nor pausing 'mid their circles bright,
Thou tendest inward unto God!

'A year of progress in the lore
That's only learned in heaven; thy mind
Unclogged of clay, and free to soar,
Hath left the realms of doubt behind.

And wondrous things which finite thought
 In vain essayed to solve, appear
 To thy untasked inquiries, fraught
 With explanations strangely clear.
 Thy reason owns no forced control,
 As held it here in needful thrall;
 God's mysteries court thy questioning soul,
 And thou mayst search and know them all.

'A year of love; thy yearning heart
 Was always tender even to tears,
 With sympathies whose sacred art
 Made holy all thy cherished years.
 But love, whose speechless ecstasy
 Had overborne the finite, now
 Throbs through thy being pure and free,
 And burns upon thy radiant brow.
 For thou, those hands' dear clasp has felt,
 Where still the nail-prints are displayed;
 And thou before that face hast knelt,
 Which wears the scars the thorns have
 made!

'A year without thee! I had thought
 My widowed heart would break and die,
 Ere time had meek quiescence brought,
 Or soothed the tears it could not dry.
 And yet I live, to faint and quail
 Before the human grief I bear;
 To miss thee so! then drown the wail
 That trembles on my lips in prayer.
 Thou praising, while I weakly pine!
 Thou glorying, while I vainly thrill!
 And thus, between thy heart and mine,
 The distance ever widening still.

'A year of tears to me; to thee,
 The end of thy probation's strife,
 The archway to eternity,
 The portal of immortal life.
 To me—the pall, the bier, the sod;
 To thee—the palm of victory given;
 Enough, my heart—thank God! thank God!
 That thou hast been a year in heaven!'

Brief Notices of New Publications.

'A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES M. LEUPP.'—In a well-printed pamphlet, from the press of MESSRS. WILLIAM C. BRYANT AND COMPANY, we have the above-recorded 'Tribute,' in an Address delivered before *The Column*, February 10, 1860: by JOHN H. GOURLIE. It is printed by direction of the Club, and with great propriety: for our departed friend, the theme of the pamphlet, regarded that association as the vertebral 'Column' of our beloved metropolis: and it is certain that the estimation in which he held his fellow-members generally, was unanimously felt by them for himself individually. Mr. GOURLIE'S 'Address' is mainly a recapitulation of the facts regarding the life and character of Mr. LEUPP, which appeared in the metropolitan journals at the time of his lamented decease; intermingled with not a few personal details, which impart an added interest to an unpretending, but fervent and well-deserved testimonial to a public-spirited, active, benevolent citizen, a true MAN, and a warm and genial friend. We have on two recent occasions in these pages spoken of our long intimacy with the subject of this 'Address,' and our high estimate of his character, in every phase of his career in our city: and we are not surprised to find that estimate held in common by every person who knew Mr. LEUPP: and no one of his many friends knew him better or more intimately than our mutual friend, the writer of this pamphlet. We segregate from it a few brief passages:

'THE life of our friend, though eminently associated with many of the public enterprises and institutions of the day, was one so essentially domestic and social, that it affords to us but few striking incidents for remark. His character has been best unfolded to us in the quiet retirement of home life, in the social intercourse of affectionate friendship, and in the daily routine of his professional career. In these relations we dwell with satisfaction on the memories which cluster around him, for in these he was eminent and superior, even in the midst of a circle of intellectual and cultivated men, on the one hand, and among sagacious, enterprising, and intelligent men—his competitors in the walks of commerce—on the other.

'Had his tastes and duties led him into a more prominent public career, his natural capacity for usefulness, his high conscientiousness and moral force, would have placed him in a more distinguished position in this community. He preferred the quiet and retiring enjoyments of home life, surrounded by friends, in whose cultivated conversation he found his highest happiness.'

'Our friend possessed the highest moral sensibilities. The example of his employer (GIBSON LEE) was fixed upon his heart, and pervaded every fibre of his being: hence his promise was never stained by unfulfilment: his word carried the force of accomplishment, and in every thought and act of his life he was true to his integrity, and never

sought to shield himself from any responsibility by reservation, equivocation, or technicality. The truth and courage and manliness of his boyhood grew up with him, in all their beauty and strength, and crowned his manhood with the universal esteem and respect of his fellow-men.

'He soon occupied an exalted position among the merchants of our city, and for more than twenty-five years labored zealously and faithfully in his profession. Eminently conservative in his views of business, he pursued it, not with a bold and daring spirit of reckless adventure, but with a thoughtful and studious adherence to the legitimate laws of trade. His moral principles and prudence of practical action never permitted him to swerve in the slightest degree. These well-known traits of his business character assured him the highest commercial credit, and placed his name prominently among the business men of our city. Success and fortune naturally followed these habits and principles of his business life.'

'In business life all concealments and tergiversations were his abhorrence. So in his social life, he never concealed his *dislikes*; and no one, whose character bore a stain or a reproach, could ever receive from him a *hand* or a *welcome*. His sincerity and love of truth were thus made manifest. The truth every where, and at all times, was his standard; and any deviation from it on the part of any one, no matter what his position may have been, or continued to be, in society, met his open and unconcealed disgust. His good opinion once lost could never be redeemed.'

'My intimate acquaintance with Mr. LEUPP commenced in 1843. At that time he mingled but little with the world, having suffered a severe domestic affliction—the death of his wife, a daughter of GIDEON LEE—which sunk deeply into his heart, and threw a dark shadow over his happiness. A few friends assembled, from time to time, around his domestic hearth-stone, and cheered by their presence and conversation the drooping spirits of their friend. Time, however, dispelled the depression caused by this affliction; and here, in this quiet and happy home, associated with genial companions, he exhibited the noblest traits of his character, and dispensed, with unaffected hospitality, the treasures of his house and heart. The influences by which he was now surrounded, affected and determined his tastes. With an ample fortune, he resolved to devote a portion of his income to the formation of a gallery of paintings, and for the encouragement of the artists of his country. He took an active interest in the subject, and having been elected a manager of the Art Union, devoted time and zeal in carrying out the purposes for which that institution was established. He was also elected, at this time, an honorary member of the National Academy of Design, and had the happiness, a few years later, to render many valuable services to that institution. In a period of its embarrassment, he, in connection with his friend JONATHAN STURGES, advanced to it large sums of money, and was much gratified when the condition of the institution enabled him to retire from the trusteeship he had so usefully and generously filled; leaving it in a condition of prosperity, and surrounded with no obstructions to its more enlarged and permanent usefulness. The private gallery formed by the taste and liberality of Mr. LEUPP, was creditable to him. It contained some of the noblest and best productions of American art, from the pencils of DURAND, WEIR, LEUTZE, COLE, KENSSETT, MOUNT, EDMONDS, and other artists of distinction.'

'In 1845, Mr. LEUPP went to Europe, in company with his friend WILLIAM C. BRYANT. He made two journeys abroad subsequently, with this same distinguished man—in 1849 and in 1852—in the latter, extending his travels to Jerusalem and the Holy Land. These several journeys were to him of great value and interest. The opportunities they afforded him of intercourse and acquaintance with some of the distinguished literary men and artists of Europe, were highly appreciated, and were, ever after, the sources of many pleasant reminiscences. Few Americans had ever visited the old world under more favorable circumstances. The literary reputation of his companion, and his high position as one of the first writers of our country, facilitated his introduction into the society of men renowned in art and letters. These privileges he sincerely valued, and often spoke of them to his friends with grateful pride.'

'He had long cherished the hope of relief from business cares, and these disappointments had a most unfavorable effect upon his mind. His friends observed, with deep solicitude, the depression of spirits into which he had fallen. The suddenness of his death revealed the depth of that affliction, which neither affection nor friendship could alleviate. The incessant occupations of Mr. LEUPP in the active and engrossing affairs of life, deprived him of the leisure to cultivate his literary tastes to any considerable extent. His reading was desultory, and confined to no particular branch of literature. He wrote but little in the latter portion of his life. He had, however, been a contributor to the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE, and had written some descriptions of character which were attractive and amusing, and exhibited great keenness of observation. He wrote also the life of GIDEON LEE, published in the *Merchants' Magazine*. These, with a few articles con-

tributed to the newspapers, may be said to be all the papers from his pen. With his collection of paintings, and his library, his house became an attractive resort for some of the most distinguished literary and social men of our city. Many were the happy gatherings around his festive board, at which cheerfulness and unostentatious hospitality presided. Whoever may have had the privileges of his home circle, will remember, with pleasure, the cordial welcome and generous reception he always gave to his friends. In *'The Century'*, of which he was one of the founders, he took much pride and pleasure. The friendships he there formed continued always with him, and rendered to him many sources of enjoyment. The universal esteem of its members followed him in life and in death; and, there, as with us, his memory will be long cherished by those who knew the excellencies of his character and the genial warmth of his nature.

Such a citizen, such a man, and such a friend, was the late lamented CHARLES M. LEUPP: and these are the chaplets which FRIENDSHIP strews upon his early, his untimely grave!

A MODEL DESCRIPTIVE SUNDAY-SCHOOL CATALOGUE.—We found on our desk this morning an exceedingly neat, tasteful, and 'handy' little pocket-pamphlet 'tome' of sixty-five pages, containing a *'Descriptive Catalogue of the Library of the Sunday-School attached to the First Reformed Dutch Church, Brooklyn, E.D.'*, under the pastoral care of Rev. ELBERT S. PORTER, D.D. It is the work of the Superintendent of the School, and is certainly a monument of labor, close examination, moral care, and literary acumen, which does that officer very great credit: for when it is considered, that here are four hundred and seventy little Sunday-School Books, the character of each, its story, and its story's inculcations briefly but succinctly indicated, it must be seen at a glance that the preparation of such a Catalogue must have been a work requiring no common intellectual and manual exertion. But we suspect it must have been more: it was a 'Labor of Love' for the little children who were to reap its fruits. The subjoined, from the *'Christian Intelligencer'* informs us who the 'SUPERINTENDENT,' the author of this volume, is; a fact which is modestly omitted from the work itself:

'The books named in this Catalogue were first selected by Mr. JOHN A. GRAY, the Superintendent, from the ample stock which the various book-stores of New-York contain, and none accepted by him until the contents of each volume had been subjected by him to a careful inspection. To form a library in this way, required much diligent reading, for the purpose of securing books really suitable to be placed in the hands of the young. When the selection had been completed, Mr. GRAY then proceeded to form a catalogue, in which the subject, character, and aim of each volume are tersely and graphically presented under the appropriate title. We have marvelled at the successful manner in which this labor has been accomplished. All accustomed to write for the press know that the highest attainment in paragraphic ability consists in expressing the utmost possible in the fewest possible words. This sort of skill is as valuable as it is rare; but it is an excellence conspicuous on every page of this descriptive catalogue. Our special object in making this public notice of the production named is, to say that it may be advantageously used out of the school for which it is primarily designed, as a *labor-saving apparatus* for other superintendents. Friends of Sunday-schools all feel that care should be taken in selecting books for their libraries, and yet very few have time to run from store to store to find the best, or to satisfy themselves by a personal examination of the character of the volumes offered. From this catalogue any superintendent could determine in an hour whether or not to order books of a certain grade or quality, and would run no risk of being disappointed in the books ordered. The Catalogue will be sent by mail, for twenty cents. Direct to JOHN A. GRAY, Numbers 16 and 18 Jacob-Street, New-York.'

As we are reading this, in our town-sanctum at GRAY'S, we sit 'foraninst' an apartment with upper glass windows, wherein an ENGINE, with noiseless assiduity, is doing its multifarious work: its *own* sound is hushed; but its *power* is felt in the tremulous, deep-rumbling, subdued thunder, which, to the top of the sixth story above us, of this great Building, variously resounds. Thirty power-presses, by its agency, are 'throwing off' the sheets of books, magazines, journals:—religious, secular, medical, mechanical, financial, fanciful: to say nothing of the condensed but very busy 'little jokers,' which are industriously engaged in dropping (like bright corn from the 'hopper' of an old-fashioned fanning-mill) cards, labels, bills—in blue, crimson, and gold: types click, and imposing-stones groan, in rooms one above another: the Binder, with his female and male 'aids,'

folds, gathers, stitches, cuts, hammers: the Stereotyper makes ready his cauldrons of hot lead-soup, for the 'forms' which are dropped down upon him by steam — Now how one man, with the daily, personal, *individual* supervision of all these various businesses, could find time to prepare such a condensed yet voluminous 'Descriptive Catalogue' as the foregoing, passes our 'line' of intelligence. Much night-work after much day-work must afford the only reasonable solution.

'COMPENSATION: OR ALWAYS A FUTURE.'—The preface by ANNE M. H. BREWSTER, the writer of this book from the press of J. B. LIPPINCOTT AND COMPANY, Philadelphia, would disarm any querulous critic. It thus closes:

'Mrs. NORTON sang, to an ugly child:

'The loved are lovely, so art thou to me,
Child, in whose face strange eyes no beauty see.'

And thus I feel toward this little book. I commenced it at a season of great sadness—at a period when the very ground on which I stood seemed reeling. Old ties were rent asunder, old faiths, old hopes; all I had lived, loved, and prayed for, swept from me; links severed, never to be clasped together in this state of being. To keep my sorrow from feeding on me, I gave *my* 'serpent a file.' The world has nothing to do with all this; but my little public may look more favorably on my book-child when they know what an angel of blessing it has proved to me. It has done its duty well; it has cheered me when hopeless; given me fresh spring and impulse when failing health and morbid spirits refused their aid. Now its work is finished with me. It will go out into the world to take its chance by the side of lovelier and cleverer ones. I have done all I can for it in return for its good done to me. I am only sorry that my doing has been so weak.'

We find many things in this volume to commend. The writer looks with a loving eye, and describes with an effective pen, the beautiful and the grand, as displayed by the ALMIGHTY, in the 'wonderful works of His hand,' which lend such a charm and such a glory to Italian and Swiss alpine scenery: but the prolonged details of her own various little emotions, and the upholstery, 'JENKINS' style which she adopts in sketching her apartments, and their interior surroundings; in our view detract from, rather than add to, the interest of her book. The 'peevish miseries' upon which she so frequently dwells, should have been confined to her note-book; nor would the description of her bed-room luxuries, or the manner in which her maid unlaced her boots, unbuttoned her undersleeves, and arranged her croché slippers, have been lamented by her readers, if she had omitted them altogether. We say nothing of the love-story which runs like a fine thread through the book, preferring that the reader shall be attracted to *that*, in a perusal of the entire work.

'THE AMERICAN ALMANAC AND REPOSITORY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.'—This excellent 'Annual' should have received earlier notice at our hands: and even the present, inadequate as it may be considered, was intended for our last. An English friend, newly arrived in New-York, asked us, year before last: 'Can you put me in the way of procuring some comprehensive little work which shall afford me authenticated Facts, in relation to the different States in this country, and matters which relate to each individually?—such, for example, as I might be asked to speak of at home, by a banker, a merchant, a lawyer, or persons desirous to emigrate from the 'Old Country?' We had but just read, and noticed, the '*American Almanac*' for the current year: we had the pleasure to hand it to him; and to learn from him afterward, that in one hour's perusal, he had derived an amount of important information from its suddenly-consulted pages, which it would have taken him months of inquiry and travel to have secured. The '*American Almanac*' has now been published for *thirty-one years*; and every year it has so increased its claims upon public favor, that it has made itself a *necessity*—a *National Vade Mecum*. The mass of information which has here been carefully collected, arranged and condensed into a duodecimo of four hundred pages is immense, relating to government, finances, legislation, public institutions, internal improvements, etc. The astronomical information is extensive, having been prepared by Mr. GEORGE P. BOND, of the Cambridge University.

This department includes papers on DONATI's comet, the law of storms, the Aurora Borealis, together with tables of eclipses, occultations, etc. A record of the legislation of 1859 is also given, together with an obituary list for the year. The American is the *ne plus ultra* of an Almanac.

'THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON IRVING.'—Upon this fruitful and almost universal theme, we have received, in a beautifully-executed pamphlet, published by request, '*A Discourse delivered in the Second Reformed Dutch Church, of Tarrytown, New-York, on Sabbath Morning, December 11, 1859:*' by the Pastor, Rev. JOHN A. TODD. It is an eloquent and feeling tribute to the genius and character of the 'Great Departed.' Remarking upon his death, the reverend orator fervently exclaims: '*Dead, did I say? No! He has just begun to live.* His spirit has gone up to the enjoyment of a higher sphere, and its power upon the kindred spirit of his race has been consecrated by the solemn mystery of its departure. God has given to him the precious boon of a two-fold life: the life eternal of the Glorified in heaven, and the life of an undying memory in the hearts of men. And can we say of such an one that he is *dead*?'

'THE HAUNTED HOMESTEAD,' and other novelettes, by Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Few writers have more perfect mastery of the art of story-telling than Mrs. SOUTHWORTH. There is in this book little of character-sketch, and no special power of description; yet the comparatively simple stories win and keep the attention, when more elaborate constructions would fail. 'It's a real nice book, father,' said a little girl in our hearing, looking up with a pleased smile from its perusal. We endorse the judgment. T. B. PETERSON AND BROTHER, Philadelphia.

'SONG AND PEN.'—MR. OLIVER B. GOLDSMITH, the long-established and truly eminent 'Penmanist,' forth from his spacious Instruction Rooms, at Number 362 Broadway, has despatched to us, under the above title, a perfect *bijou* of the calligraphic art: in ornamentation, chaste and tasteful—in execution graceful and elegant. In his long, *long* experience, he may have taught many pupils to equal him, but none, we suspect, to excel him.

ROLLO, popular Publisher, has 'shelled out,' in a very handsome illustrated volume, '*Kittie Kelvin's Kernels*,' to which we hope to pay our respects in the May number.

NEW MUSIC.

J. H. HIDLEY, 519 Broadway, Albany, has issued '*The Little Gipsy Mazurka*,' by GEORGE W. WARREN, an easy and pleasant piece. '*Star of the Evening*,' duett for two equal voices. '*Away, away with Hearts so Gay*,' boat-song, by W. F. SHERWIN. '*The Beggar Boy*,' by G. W. WARREN: simple enough for an infant class. '*Serenade Quickstep*,' by HENRY TUCKER. '*Andante Finale de Lucia di Lammermoor*,' arranged for piano by ARTHUR NAPOLEON. Will be useful to advanced players: there is plenty of work for the left hand in it.

WILLIAM HALL AND SON, 543 Broadway, New-York, have issued '*Andante with Variations*,' for piano: composed by W. V. WALLACE. '*Croyez Moi*,' Romance pour le piano: composée par W. V. WALLACE. '*Pretty Things Young Lovers Say*,' a good song with easy accompaniment and a concluding chorus, by W. V. WALLACE. '*La Plainte du Berger*,' Idylle pour le piano, by W. V. WALLACE. There is probably no composer now living whose compositions are so numerous as those of WALLACE; and no composer who is so well paid for his labor, while his publishers regard their contract with him as a most valuable one. He is greatly and deservedly popular.

FIRTH, POND AND COMPANY, 547 Broadway, New-York, have issued '*La Reveil des Fauvettes*,' par FELIX GOEFROID. '*I'm Thinking of Thee, Ellie*,' a graceful ballad, by J. G. MAEDER. '*I Would that I were Beautiful*,' a ballad, by WALDO ALLEN. '*The Musical Bazaar*,' a collection of songs and ballads arranged for the guitar. '*Idol of my Heart*,' song by A. W. BERG.